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Letters should be addressed to 2 Crow Street, DUBLIN, and communications with regard to advertisements, subscriptions, etc., should be sent to the Manager of "The Dublin Magazine" at that address.

Price 2s. 6d.

Annual Subscription 10s. 6d. post free.

LONDON AGENT :

MESSRS. JOHN & EDWARD BUMPUS, LTD., 477 OXFORD STREET, W.I.



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THE
DUBLIN MAGAZINE

VOL. XX.—No. 3.
(New Series)

JULY—SEPTEMBER 1945.

Price 2/6

TOWER OF MARL

By Joseph Campbell

Singer : From where I sit
I see no land :
Only a vast outswell of wind-cleared sky,
And over it
Cloud-caracks, grey and amber, sailing by.

Altos : Soon blue Night, at hand
Across the sunset bars,
Will come
Darkening,
Shadowing,
Gathering

Singer : New shapes, strange stars
Into my deeper, visionary eye.

Tenors : So sat Tung P'o,
The Chinese mage,
High on a bastion of the city wall,
Aeons ago.

Basses : So brooded Milton, as his songs recall,
Palms on Plato's page,
Sweeping the stellar field,
With brain
Darkening,
Shadowing,
Gathering
A ghostly yield
Of the gold ears of light for winterfall.

- Omnes :* The hours
 Darkening,
 Shadowing,
 Gathering
 Riddle and tale
 From Aran fires and Mayan mummy tombs.
- Singer :* Not by such port
 And heavy breath
 Shall other wanderers enter my domain :
 That nobler sort
 Whose pain-wrung bodies have defeated Pain,
 Changing changeless Death.
- Tenors :* Eagles of heaven's hills,
 They fly
 Darkening,
 Shadowing,
- Omnes :* Gathering
 On fiery quills
 Through tumbled rack and driven snow and rain.
- Singer :* Angels and friends,
 They search my books,
 Oak desk, brass astrolabe and telescope.
 Chaucer commends ;
 Donne questions the false rhythm, the forced trope ;
 Blake, with wakeful looks,
 Watches my lantern-flame,
 And cries,
 Darkening,
 Shadowing,
 Gathering—
 “ No poet's name
 Is safe from slander or the prison rope ! ”
- Up from the dim
 Gulf at my feet
 Floats solemn music :—
- Basses :* kaffir-calls in mines,
 Ship-chanties grim,
 And war-catches whose burden Night divines
 Voiced with weary beat,

Tenors : Now mounts it,
Altos : and now fades,

A far-off bell tolls

Omnes : The notes
 Darkening,
 Shadowing,
 Gathering
 Into the shades ;

Altos : Nor Gilead heals, nor Rose of Sharon shines.

hopelessly,

forlornly

In a whisper

Silence is king :
 Through lightless lift
 And lampless land no current seems to move.
 Person and thing,
 In dreamless sleep, the prime Inertia prove.

Singer :

Only I, unshrift,
 Forever pace a cell,

Tolling repeated

My round
 Darkening,
 Shadowing,
 Gathering
 Both Ill and Well,
 Casual Hate and categoric Love.

Omnes, with

seer-like energy : Suddenly soar
 Three works of pride
 Out of the scroll of story,

Sopranos echo :

distance-faint :

Tenors, strongly

Highest, most hoar,
 The keep of Babel, Nimrod's vaunt and plaint ;
 Bregon's sunhouse wide,
 From which he charted Fál :
 And last,

Basses :

Darkening,
 Shadowing,
 Gathering,

Tenors :

That pillar tall,
 Stylites' eyrie, crib of churl and saint.

Singer :

Then on my mind
Thunders the thought
That all proud man has builded, or may build,
Is but a blind
Bychild of his sad heart, unwisht, unwilling ;
Born to come to naught
Because of vanity,

Tolling repeated

Basses :

And bear
Darkening,
Shadowing,
Gathering
To the dead sea

Omnes, crescendo

Where crowns are drowned

diminuendo :

and sovereign trumpets
stilled.

*Drums, like the
mutterings of a
spent electric
storm. Bell ebbs
away to silence.*

Sopranos :

These wraiths dissolve,

Tenors :

And in their place

Rally the naked peaks on which they stood.

Sopranos :

New moons revolve

About the desert garths that gave them food.

Basses :

Deeper rivers race,

Icier freshets boil

From clefts,

Darkening,

Shadowing,

Gathering ;

And cobras coil

Sopranos :

Among sweet growths of greener grass and wood.

A pause

First Tenor :

The clock-hands slant ;

First Soprano :

And once again

Day draws her silver arras in the east.

Singer : Night's hierophant,
I, too, am Eo's sacrificial priest.

*A celeste sounds
a series of
ascending octaves,
growing in tone as
the sun rises.*

*Tenors, ecsta-
tically :*

Toward Ammit's fen
Ra drives his ninefold team :
Their manes
Brightening,
Lifting,
Spreading ;

Tenors and Sopranos : Their bridle-gleam
Rousing each forest bird and farmyard beast.

Singer, with awe : In awed amaze
I stand ; I clutch
At sun-limned rainbows, thinking them strong props,
My eyeballs glaze
For like gold snow the orient manna drops.
Earth-bound overmuch,
I breast the balsamed air,
And reel,
Brightening,
Lifting,
Spreading,
As though I were
Drunken with song-warmed wine or heady hops.

*Celeste, on
descending scales.*

Singer, eerily : And—miracle !—
On azure rungs,
Druid-adept, without a dew snail's sound,
Heart whole, nerves still,
I reach the level of the nether ground.

*Cymbals and bass
gong, fortissimo.
A roll of heavy
drums. A lighter
ruffle of kettle-
drums.*

Singer, possessed : Shout it, canker-tongues !
Engross it, ghouls of ink !
My Tower,
Brightening,
Lifting,
Spreading
By 'Chaos' brink,
Is gone !—

Drums.

vanisht !—

Drums again.

no trace, no trammel found.

*Tenors, with Arch, parapet,
breathless tempo :* Maps, household gods,
Swampt !—sunk in quagmire—

Sopranos : flown on foggy cloud !

Basses : Stair, surely set,
Swallowed !—

Sopranos : swept off with some Walpurgis shroud !

Altos, quietly : (Mitred Berkeley nods
At Matters' ravishment,
Laughs long,
Brightening,
Lifting,
Spreading,
His mind content).—

Singer : Where is my Sollar, isolate and proud ?
*Drums rumble
to silence.*

*Singer, with In the cold sphere
percipience :* Of middle Day,
What was Chimæra and phantasmal Night
Burns crystal-clear.

I read with Morda's blindness, Gwion's light

Walls of castled clay

Become four chalky bones,

Tenors, firmly : Twin-based ;

Sopranos, crescendo : Brightening,

Lifting,

Spreading

To mental zones,

Omnes : Fairer than knowledge, farther than weak sight.

FINIAL

Singer, humbly : Sodden and low,

The Body's dress ;

But, rapt at Patmos, aged and exiled John

Saw by its glow

New Zion in th' Apocalyptic Dawn.

Basses : Dull its dinginess ;

Tenors : But, dim or snufft, the great

Dante,

Altos, diminuendo : Darkening,

Shadowing,

Gathering,

Omnes, trans- Felt by its heat

cendantly, ex- The dread abyss of red Avernus yawn !

pressive of the

power of human

intellect.

While living in America, Joseph Campbell wrote this remarkable poem for choral speaking. "Tower of Marl" was broadcast from Radio Éireann by the Dublin Verse Speaking Society in 1942.

SWEEPER

By R. N. Currey

This is where East is East, and where the West
Speaks empty words that none will understand :
Upon the frontier these stand :
The sweeper with his brush of straw,
The jackal and the vulture and the crow,
These guard the land—

*The sweeper with his brush of straw,
Worships a clique of gods so low
They shun the temples and ride out
On wooden horses with the rout
Of grotesque demons that one sees
On fringes of lost villages—*

—These guard the land from change ; the cookhouse *naik*
Salutes, and wags his head from side to side,
Says he'll make clean, but these decide :
The sweeper whom no threat can touch,
The vulture, the hyena and the pie,
These override——

*He whom all other men despise
Is lord of life, being lord of flies ;
The rajah pales before his breath ;
The brahmin bears his curse of death ;
He turns in less than seven years
Young subalterns to crashing bores ;
His subtle hold on all of us
Turns pretty women querulous——*

—And sabotage our plans ; we go our rounds
And gasp to see the blitzkrieg speed of flies,
Explode and try to organise ;
The sweeper does not worry much,
The jackal, and the kite-hawk and the crow,
If someone dies.

*From hideous pits his larvae rise :
His shabby kite-hawks fill the skies ;
His vultures swoop on burial towers ;
His jackals nose the half-burned pyres . . .*

SATIRE AND MYSTICISM

By Arland Ussher

THE present century is the age of Saturn, the age of satire, the age of Age ; it is, as we see it, the connection between the century of science and the century of mysticism, that second and better Childhood—just as, in the spectrum, the dark tragic ultramarine is the passage from cold pathos-brimming “Impressionist” blue to elusive violet, hue beloved by the bee. In like manner the 16th century—age of Youth and poetry—formed the arch between theology and philosophy ; a transition (to continue our colour-parallel) like that of orange from “ Martial ” red to “ Mercurial ” yellow—one passes in imagination from the hectic ruby of pestilences and martyrologies, by way of singing golden-merchandised argosies, to the yellow brocades and Cartesianism of Versailles, or the light-centred world of Rembrandt. And as the cycle of Renaissance-man will, if we are right, lapse out after the 21st century, so it culminated in the 18th—age of staid, well-mannered, prose : quietest of ages, as green (the great blended married colour—as subtly-varying as civilisation—the livery of the earth) is quietest, most comforting, of colours. If at this point the “ practical ” reader should object impatiently that fancies like these “ get one nowhere,” we must answer that only by such symbolic juxtaposition can the sombreness of the present-day reveal its true and appropriate value and tonality—only thus can chaos itself be integrated into cosmos, as all cosmic sense (which ultimately is also commonsense) demands ; the possibility of this has at least been the faith of those often baffling, often baffled, Cosmic Art-Critics, the mystics. We have seen in our century a great revival of the art of satire, for which the increasing mechanical perfection both of life and of scientific method—both of Ulysses’ bow and the antics of the suitors—has provided the perfect conditions ; as in the 16th century the play of humanistic fancy around the leafless trunks of dogma and allegory issued in an efflorescence of poetry and the drama. And just as many of the late dramatists of the 1500s and 1600s exchanged their motley for the robe of philosophy—whether of the fashion of Jansen or of Descartes, whether rationalist or

predestinarian—so the wits and satirists of our day are turning almost without exception, in the hope born of despair, to what an earlier scoffer like Anatole France would have regarded as the most unpromising of inanities—the mystical element in religion. These tendencies may even be discovered in such an ultra-rationalist as Shaw, and many others of the generation which listened to the gospel of Bergson and of (the much greater) Schopenhauer; but they are far more striking in the three most notable and typical representatives of the between-the-wars period in England, who in our submission are T. S. Eliot, Aldous Huxley and Evelyn Waugh. Their styles in piety, as in wit, have been very diverse; the puritan precision of Eliot has naturally inclined him towards “the seemliness, order and good taste” of the Church of England, while the more electro-plated manner of Evelyn Waugh has led him to Latin Christianity, and Aldous Huxley (a conversion at which the Dark Gods must weep!) has passed from the Aztecs of D. H. Lawrence to the Yogis of Gerald Heard; but all of these three gifted and significant writers (and their many lesser imitators) have abandoned any real hope of changing the tragic handwriting of Time. The phenomenon of the serious satirist who is not a reformer but an “escapist” is almost a new one, due to the special circumstances of our demon-ridden century, nauseated with its own science; but it is perhaps indicative (this may console us!) of a quietistic age to follow, an age of more “sanguine” and less “bilious” humour, when the nadir-hue of Central European indigo shall lighten spectrum-wise into Oriental purple. If the influence of the religionists at present is small, if their more heavily-weighted work seems slightly incommensurate (to some tastes) with their lighter performance, we suggest it is because our age has not yet possessed itself of the spiritual detachment and spiritual hospitality of the mystic, the candour and courtesy of heart of the truly religious; the refreshing *intellectual* detachment and candour of the moderns is a different matter—that (to echo a now classic phrase) “is not what I mean at all.” The “percept” of the second-sighted is, in simple visionaries, the infra-red of Before-Morality—in those older in soul it is the ultra-violet of Beyond-Art; it is a generalised ardour or a rarified illumination which, in the best conditions (quite apart from particular religious *beliefs*—if, like Swedenborg, he has them, or if, like Blake, he has not) can make this whole depressing “collocation of atoms”

sparkle or glow as on the Seventh Day of Creation. Of such intensities—often conditioned, in the words of Emily Brontë, by “intense agony”—there is as yet little sign in our century; but the movement called “Surrealism” is an attempt, vitiated by a false theory and too-deliberate methods, and often merging with the turbid excitements of political fanaticism, to rediscover the lost country—the Surrealist may stand to the artist-mystics of the coming age as did the late-Medieval Gnostic (groping after the ancestral mysteries of Orpheus) to the school of Meister Eckhardt. The 20th century irrationalist makes the mistake of looking for his beatitude in the pitch-dark of the subconsciousness, as the 17th century Platonist and “Metaphysical” sought it (less disastrously) in the “white radiance,” the “Intellectual Day,” of an over-taut consciousness—those weary “Good” and “Evil” absolutes of mysticism; though the Platonist enthronement of Reason is the less dangerous error (only, indeed, in *Roi-Soleil*-like absolutism is it an error at all), yet the modern Teutonic exaltation of the dictator Unreason brings us nearer to those extranormal apperceptions without which the human psyche—or spectrum—cannot attain to its greatest fulness or brightness. One thing at least, we may affirm with confidence, mysticism can never be, and that is a rope-trick by which the writer can withdraw himself from the finally-rather-disgusting social scene when he is tired of his notation of human imbecility; the social naturalist must stick to his last (or rather his lancet), and have the courage, and the despair, of his dissections. In the words which Goethe’s Almighty addresses to Mephistopheles “Of all the spirits that deny, the scoffer ever gave me least offence”—but he cannot both scoff *and* pray. Religion is *not* the last refuge of the cynic, wishing Hamlet-like that this too-too-tiresome scheme of things might dissolve away; that is a fantasy for Tibet—or California. The “world” of Values is no convenient other “plane” to which a spiritual escalator with Jesuit or Yogi improvements can lift us, but a light in which in certain moods—as rebellious to the mere “contemplation” of the *dévot* as to practical life—we perceive a patterned and prismatic beauty on this one. And this reminds us that Eliot, like Proust, like Schopenhauer himself, has come near—time and again—to the secret; near enough to move us with a sadness unknown since the Greek, though not more than anesthetised by the irrelevancies of the Christian. Nietzsche’s “Remain true to

earth " is the corrective and complement of the Schopenhauerian pessimism—the escapist and the introvert give no *Nunc Dimittis* to the world ; for if cosmic beauty can liberate us from the prison of Time, and bid Action's wheel-of-torment to stand still, she is always, like the rescuer in romances, the jailer's daughter.

AUDIENCE WITH GLORIANA

By Joseph O'Neill

IF I had been told a year ago by an astrologer, or any other of that tribe of foreseers of things to come, that, before the end of this year, I would have been called to the presence of Her Gracious Majesty, I would have taken it as a mockery or the most horn-headed quackery ever conceived even by such notorious conceivers.

If I had been given the prophecy six months later, I should have been still surer of its Tom-o-Bedlam quality, since one of the things I was quick to learn in Essex House was that even the greatest, who through birth hold right of access to the Presence Chamber, can go no further for barrels of asking and may wait to see her Grace through weeks and months of patience which in the end may go unrewarded.

So to-day, when summoned to Whitehall, the last thought I held was of being called to the presence of Her Majesty. Before Mr. Secretary Cecil perhaps, but even that unlikely ; rather before his agents of rack and screw to wring out of me by rack, if not by argument, what I knew of the plots or treasons of the Earl's friends.

When therefore, having braced myself for the worst, I was met outside the gate of the palace by a Gentleman Usher and told that I was to be conducted to Her Majesty's presence, I verily believe I must have lost the greater part of my conscious sense, for my memory of the rest of my progress to her Grace is a haze of sea-gull fancies, great cartwheel ruffs of snowy white from whose wide foaming waves long rows of tiny heads stuck up like heads of pigeons, while below vast snowy farthingales with their projecting shelves were banks of snow that left my eyes bewildered with their gleamings. There's no doubt that

long before I reached her Majesty I had come to a stage where all reality ceases, for, when I reached the Inner Chamber, I felt no fear nor shame nor even diffidence, but marched up between the seas of eyes with as steady steps as if my father were an Emperor.

It is true, the eyes were but a blur through which they led me to her Majesty's Presence, all things within, without me mixing in my brain, with the eyes dancing sarabands until I lost them, falling on my knees with my head bowed.

Then a voice awakened me, a high raucous voice.

"So this is our new Councillor, Mr. Secretary," it said.

"Yes, your Majesty," a sweet voice answered.

I lifted my head slowly to a yellow farthingale on which long fingers lay, covered with jewels. I raised them to great swollen sleeves, to a gigantic cartwheel ruff. Then I could go no further.

"Higher, Master Councillor, higher," cried the raucous voice.

My chin was tilted upward by the fingers. Black eyes were staring at me, little eyes that came protruding like sea monster's eyes glaring from under rocks. Those black little eyes held me with such astonishment I was beyond all fear. A flame of bright red hair was blazing over them. Between them a domineering nose was glaring at me. Under it, blackened teeth showed like fangs. It was an apparition! demoniac! incredible!

"And now, Master Councillor, the verdict."

"The verdict, your Majesty?" I stammered.

"The verdict, Master Councillor, now that the summing up hath been concluded."

"A superhuman presence, your Majesty" I mumbled.

The mouth opened wide. A whinny of laughter came rushing from it like a gale between rocks.

"By God's son!" she cried, "by God's son! and my most wise-thought Councillor, my Mr. Secretary—he told me—"

She stopped.

"Can you guess what he told me, Master Councillor?"

"That I was a foolish, ignorant country boy, your Majesty."

"Or a pernicious rascal, matching his wits 'gainst ours for the concealment of treasons."

"I could not, dare not attempt such folly, your Grace, even had I treasons to conceal, your Majesty."

"Nor the treasons of others."

"Your Grace! I have taken no part in any treasons."

She stooped down with a sudden swift movement, caught me by the shoulders, shook me so violently that my teeth rattled.

"You paltry country attorney! you petty undertaker! you dare hedge to me!—your sovereign!"

Those terrific eyes were glaring at me.

"Your Majesty!—your Grace! 'tis true I am a country boy but never have I committed, never shall commit treason against your Majesty—never."

"What are your lies but treasons—your petty hedgings!"

"If I try to serve my master faithfully, when he is ill and prisoned, I make so bold, your Grace, as to suggest that it is more a sign that I would also serve your Majesty faithfully, than any proof of treason."

"By God's son! Advising us! He is advising us!" she cried. The long fingers caught my hair.

"My flaxen-haired fox—my lamb-faced, flaxen-haired country fox—"

At each phrase she tugged until I thought she would pull up handfuls by the roots.

"And so you take it on yourself to decide for us the quality of loyalty" she said, but the anger had left her voice.

She let my hair go, turned to a line of snow that I saw were Ladies-in-Waiting.

"Heard you ever such impudent casuistry?"

The white waves bowed their affirmations.

She swung back to me.

"My little Lord Sobriety, my little Master in the subtle art of Casuistry—'I make so bold, your Grace, as to suggest'."

Her power of mimicry was remarkable. I could almost see my own face as she spun the words out.

She turned to the Secretary.

"Heart of my body! Here's a coil indeed, when every country cockerel thinks he can crow in my face, have me upon interrogatories—"

Sir Robert was bowing his assent with so deprecating a face that it seemed to me he might die of deprecations.

"I beseech your Majesty—" I began.

"Fill my pocket full of blanks—"

She put out a long hand, touched my right ear.

"What pretty ears the boy has," she said almost softly, "small pretty ears that fit so closely and so sweetly to his head."

The caress of those fingers was almost obscene. For the first time a thrill of fear ran through me. Something sinister was coming from the tips of those caressing fingers, running through my whole body. I had been prepared to face death but the touch of those fingers held something more horrible than a mere threat of death.

"What pity if such pretty ears be cast away!—What pitiful sight that pretty head without them."

The hand that was fingering my ear, tightened on it.

"Come, little Master Fox," she said.

She was still holding my ear, lifting me up by it. On the right, a deep window recess formed a sort of alcove. She led me to this.

I was going to kneel down again.

"You may stand. Face to face leads closer to truth."

Her voice, her whole aspect had changed. Her eyes were piercing mine, but they were no longer inhuman. Something had come into them, a look of almost frantic longing.

"You have the name of being an honest man," she said.

"I try to be one, your Majesty," I answered.

"You have the eyes of one, although you tried to cozen me just now."

"I assure your Majesty—"

"Keep your assurances. I have no use for them. Faces and acts are the only wells I drink from."

She turned to the window. An orchard lay below, threaded by walks and pleached alleys. The silence was so great that I thought she could hear the beating of my heart, it thumped so wildly. She began to speak again, this time in a low hoarse voice.

"You have been with my Lord of Essex since his confinement to York House."

"All the time your Majesty, day and night, except when he grew so ill the doctors had to keep the watch beside him."

"He talked to you?"

"Not to me, your Majesty. He talked and talked, but to himself and seemingly to your Majesty."

"To me?"

She had been looking down at the garden. She turned slowly and fixed her eyes on mine.

"Yes, your Grace," I said. "He thought to see your Majesty beside his bed, put up his hands in constant prayer to his image of you, imploring you to forgive—telling you of his devotion, beseeching your kindness. It is pitiful to listen to him—"

Her breathing was coming more deeply.

"Of what else has he been speaking?" she asked.

"Of nothing else, your Majesty. It is your Majesty's goodness, graciousness with him all the time, his misery in having fallen under your Grace's displeasure. He eats little, sleeps less—"

Her face was softening, growing almost beautiful with pity, with something else that made her eyes glow. For a few moments she looked at me with those glowing eyes. Then suddenly they changed. A sardonic look swept the glory out of them.

"How long have you had the good fortune of being in his Lordship's service?"

The same question that Robert Cecil had asked. Time was his Lordship's enemy. They knew it, as Henry Wotton knew it.

"I had been in Essex House two months, your Majesty, before his Lordship went to Ireland."

"And he has not betrayed you yet! Two months before his Lordship went to Ireland, and no betrayal yet! What lucky star has saved you, my little fox, or perhaps 'tis that you find yourself so lowly yet, so too far down as yet, to be betrayed, to taste the nature of his Lordship's love, the quality of his devotions—his remorse—"

"I cannot believe, your Majesty, that this time—"

"You cannot believe it, Master Barnwall. When you have come to the days when you shall feel time creeping in at your gate—you will have lost beliefs in commodities a deal more trustworthy than his Lordship's loves and fervours. Go back to your post!"

I fell on my knees.

"Your Majesty," I said, "your most Gracious Majesty—may I be permitted to make a request?"

"For yourself or for another?"

"For another, your Majesty, *the* other—if only your most Gracious Majesty could possibly deign to see him—your Majesty—your Majesty."

She touched my hair with her hand.

" You hurt your innocence suing for the guilty " she said.

" But if your Majesty could only see him, hear him, as I have seen him, heard him— "

" We have seen him—heard him overlong. And you, young pleader, how little you know the worth of those sad cryings, those beseechings, the treacheries, inconstancies, betrayals by those whom my own favours have raised to such a pitch where they may dream of competing with their Queen."

Her hand was on my head but she was looking over it. Her words were not for me but for herself as if she was thinking aloud.

She walked to the dais, leaving me kneeling.

THE ACHIEVEMENT OF FORREST REID

By John Boyd

THIS essay is intended to be an introduction to the writings of Forrest Reid : nothing more is possible within the space at my disposal. My aim is to define the nature of his achievement as a novelist, critic, and autobiographer.

Forrest Reid was born in Belfast in 1876, educated at the Royal Academical Institution and at Christ's College, Cambridge, and has devoted most of his adult life to writing. (For a while, however, before entering Cambridge, he was apprenticed to the tea trade in Belfast, an experience of commercial life used in some of his novels.) Though his mother came of aristocratic stock, and his father was of sound middle-class folk, his parents at the time of his birth were far from rich. Formerly a ship-owner, his father had lost his money in an attempt to run the blockade during the American Civil war, and neither parents nor children led luxurious lives. In *Apostate*, the first part of his autobiography, Forrest Reid writes : " It was a rare morning when I got more than porridge and bread and butter for my breakfast, and many a day I dined off potatoes and butter and milk."

It is by means of *Apostate* (1926) and its continuation *Private Road* (1940) that Forrest Reid's intentions as a writer may best be appreciated. A very personal writer, he reveals the innermost sources of his life and art in these two books of autobiography. They are the key to the man and his achievement.

In *Apostate* he has evoked his childhood and boyhood, a period of importance to any writer, but of peculiar importance to him; and *Apostate* is one of the most intimate, delicate, and beautiful studies of childhood written in English, comparable to the autobiography of Aksakoff: *Years of Childhood*. Its continuation, *Private Road*, though less pleasing as a work of art, is of extreme interest to the reader of the novels; for the author's life is told "by following the composition of these tales themselves, explaining the intention and aspiration behind them, treating them, where I could, less as literary experiments than as milestones on the road."

Apostate opens with this revealing passage:—

"The primary impulse of the artist springs, I fancy, from discontent, and his art is a kind of crying for Elysium. In this single respect, perhaps, there is no difference between good and bad art. For in the most clumsy and bungled work (if it has been born of the desire for beauty) we should doubtless find, could we but pierce through the dead husk of it to the hidden conception, that same divine homesickness, that same longing for an Eden from which each one of us is exiled. Strangely different these paradisian visions. For me it may be the Islands of the Blest 'not shaken by winds nor ever wet with rain . . . where the clear air spreads without a cloud,' for you the jewelled splendour of the New Jerusalem. Only in no case, I think, is it our own free creation. It is a country whose image was stamped upon our soul before we opened our eyes on earth, and all our life is little more than a trying to get back there, our art than a mapping of its mountains and streams.

"I am speaking, of course, of a particular kind of art, for I know there are artists whose work bears witness to a complete acquiescence in the world and in life as it is. 'Fuir! là-bas fuir!'—it would be difficult to discover an echo of such a cry in any line written by Thackeray or Jane Austen. Take it, then, as a point of view suggested because it helps to explain my own writings, because the general impression remaining with me of the origin of these experiments and strivings is that they were

for the most part prompted by just such a feeling of exile—exile from a world of which I did have a later glimpse from rare time to time.”

From this it is obvious that Forrest Reid is a “Romantic” and a visionary; and his work is impelled by one motive: the creation of beauty. This passage suggests, too, the mystical philosophy of the earlier Platonic dialogues; and, as will be seen later, the influence of Greek thought is perceptible throughout his writings. This Greek influence, however, does not invalidate Reid’s essential romanticism; for as Lascelles Abercrombie has pointed out in *Romanticism*, Greek literature itself is not free from the romantic element.

Reid’s first novel was published in 1904, his latest in 1944; and throughout this period he has been continually writing, experimenting, and perfecting his art—making his vision purer and more intense, his prose simpler and more individual. He learnt to write with considerable difficulty, achieving a style of his own only after having shed the styles of others; he confesses in *Private Road* that he imitated badly the wrong models. These models were Walter Pater and Henry James; but they were soon to be discarded, though something undoubtedly was learnt from each: from Pater a delicate use of language; from Henry James a sense of architectonic, and a knowledge of the technique required in the writing of a novel. It was only with the publication of his third book, *The Bracknells*, (1911), that Forrest Reid’s own style became apparent; but problems of form continued to occupy him. He had vacillated between fantasy and realism while writing both *The Bracknells* and his second novel, *The Garden God* (1905). *The Garden God*, planned as a realistic school-story, was transformed into a lyrical romance; and *The Bracknells* reversed the process: but not quite, for it contains two interwoven themes. On the one hand it is a realistic family chronicle concerned with the lives of the various members of a middle-class family, the Bracknells, the father and mother, the sons and daughters, and the shifting relationship of each with a young Englishman, Hubert Rusk, who is employed as tutor to Denis, the youngest son. Denis is the centre of the subsidiary theme—the supernatural moon-story; he is a moon-worshipper, a child sensitive to both good and evil; and it is with his death that the novel really ends. This moon-story is important because the same kind of incident recurs in later books.

Private Road gives an account of the moon-story. " *The Bracknells*—or the moon-story in it—was the first of my tales that seemed to me to come out of a mysterious region of 'other' reality. So, later, came *Uncle Stephen* and *The Retreat*. One knows, I mean, when one invents a story or a character, and one knows when these are the products of direct observation. But the particular tales I have in mind fall into neither category. Where did my moon-worshipper come from? He was not consciously invented, certainly not observed; he was created by a collaborator working beneath consciousness

The nature of Forrest Reid's achievement may now be defined: he is pre-eminently an explorer into the mind and spirit of childhood. But it took him a long time to discover his range, his limitations, the sources of his strength and weaknesses. When he did so, however, his work became mature. His vision was focussed. He realized that his range must be narrow.

"I alone knew, how much, as an author, I resembled Mr. Dick. I could get on swimmingly until I reached my King Charles's head—the point where a boy becomes a man. Then something seemed to happen, my inspiration was cut off, my interest flagged, so that all became a labour, and not a labour of love. I suppose it must be some mysterious form of arrested development." (*Private Road*).

So in his earlier books when he attempts to record psychological discord in the marriage relationship, to write outside the range of his experience and sympathy, his touch is uncertain: he does not convince the reader that his characters are vital. His interest is usually centred on the young or on the old; but when his characters are passing through the important period of their adult life, *nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita*, Reid's imagination seems to be irresistibly directed towards their childhood and youth. Unlike Proust he conquers his chief character—Time.

This insistence on the significance of childhood derives from his individual response to life; but it is in harmony with the philosophy of Plato; and it is interesting also to note his admiration of English platonic poets such as Vaughan and Wordsworth. (*The Retreat* is prefaced with Vaughan's poem of the same title; *Uncle Stephen* with lines from Wordsworth's *Michael*). In these novels Forrest Reid is describing the world he loved—when "meadow, grove, and stream, the earth, and every common sight" has "the glory and the freshness of a

dream." And in *Apostate*, sitting, like one of Wordsworth's little boys, in an old country churchyard, he becomes conscious not only of the Wordsworthian sense of innocence and peace but of a definite moral quality, a feeling of goodness.

Though the title of his autobiography may suggest an irreligious attitude to life, the word indicates only a state of mind : a boy's reluctance to attend church. But if one religion is rejected another is embraced : the small boy discovers the Greeks. "I hung a print of a bust of Socrates on the wall of my bedroom, with another of the Hermes of Praxiteles ; and these were to be my guardians, human and divine. But I had no learning ; this paganism was a subjective thing, bearing no closer relation to reality than did my imagined Greece, which was merely a glorified reflection of my own countryside : while in my reading of Greek poetry and philosophy I was principally busy to find a confirmation of my private point of view. Certainly I seemed to find it—found an expression of thoughts and emotions and dreams that had haunted me from childhood."

His conception of love and friendship is consonant with Greek ideals : and Socrates is the historical figure most real to him.

When the novels are viewed in the light of Reid's philosophy a distinction may be made, and well-written and shapely stories such as *The Gentle Lover* (1913), *At the Door of the Gate* (1915) and *Pender Among the Residents* (1922) may be considered of less significance than *Following Darkness* (1911), revised and renamed *Peter Waring* (1937), *Demophon* (1927), *Brian Westby* (1934), *The Retreat* (1936), *Uncle Stephen* (1931), *Young Tom* (1944). These later novels constitute the most important part of his achievement : his vision shines most clearly through them. His greatest single imaginative achievement is probably the trilogy dealing with the boyhood of Tom Barber, a unique achievement in modern literature, quite different from Mark Twain's *Huckleberry Finn* or Alain Fournier's *Le Grand Meaulnes* or Hugh Walpole's *Jeremy* books. *Brian Westby* is in many ways unlike Reid's other novels, though its theme—friendship—is a recurring one ; it possesses a dramatic intensity seldom reached in the other novels (*Uncle Stephen* is an exception), and its sense of form profoundly satisfies the reader. *Demophon*, the Greek tale, is perhaps less memorable, though it is undoubtedly beautifully written and conceived. It has not the immediacy of the trilogy, and does not

give the effect of springing out of such a deep imaginative experience.

E. M. Forster said in an essay on Forrest Reid (1919),¹ written *before* these mature novels appeared (he was referring to novels like *The Bracknells* and *Following Darkness*): "They must be classed not as transcripts but as visions before they can be appreciated, and their vision is that of the hierophant who sees what lies behind objects rather than what lies between them, and who is not interested in the pageants of society or history." These words may just as appropriately be applied to *Uncle Stephen* and *The Retreat*.

But Forrest Reid is not only a hierophant and a visionary: he is a literary craftsman with an ability to portray character, to give a story form, to use words with an acute sense of their significance and sound. His novels are rooted in everyday life, in reality; and this reality is usually confined to Northern Ireland. His characters live against a definite background, and are highly sensitive to its beauty—of an old country house and garden, or of the Lagan river and valley, or of the surrounding shore and sea.

Against this background move his characters, not shadows but boys of flesh and blood; some are ordinary boys like Beach Traill in *Pirates of the Spring* (1916), some extraordinary like Denis Bracknel in *The Bracknells*, some both ordinary and extraordinary like Tom Barber of the trilogy², a boy interested in an aquarium as well as in a poem. And there are memorable portraits of characters other than boys: there is Emma, the old nurse in *Apostate*; Uncle Stephen; Martin Linton; the list could be prolonged. Then there are the animals, the distinctive and unforgettable dogs and cats.

Lastly, a note on style. At the beginning of his career, under the influence of Pater, Reid's prose was "precious"; but by his third novel he had developed a style of his own. Simple, economical, direct, it would satisfy Anatole France's dictum *d'abord la clarté, puis encore la clarté, et enfin la clarté*; and it is not insignificant that Anatole France is one of Reid's favourite authors. It is also a style that triumphantly passes the test of

¹ Reprinted in *Abinger Harvest* (1936).

² *Young Tom*, *The Retreat*, *Uncle Stephen* is the order according to the chronological development of the hero; but the books were written in the reverse order.

being read aloud—a test that Reid has applied to Yeats's poetry³. "Literature has always appealed to me as a deeper, richer form of music, and my pleasure in it is taken slowly"—so he writes in *Private Road*. In short, Reid is one of the few stylists in contemporary literature.

He has never been, and is not likely ever to be, a widely popular writer. He does not give novel readers what they apparently want, but goes his own way (*Private Road* is a very apt title for an account of his literary career), and communicates his own vision of life.

CHRYSALE, OR, THE ADVENTURES OF A GUINEA

By Robert Herbert

IN 1740, Samuel Richardson, a modest printer, achieved immortality by writing *Pamela, or virtue rewarded*, a novel.

It was the story of a servant girl who resisted successfully many assaults on her virtue and was eventually rewarded for her chastity—and astuteness—with a rich husband. Horace Walpole wrote, with a naivete we cannot altogether trust, coming from that suave society-man, "Pamela is like snow, she covers everything with her whiteness."

The story was a masterpiece but the cynical eighteenth century scoffed at its righteousness and the country was soon flooded with bawdy burlesques of the reforming Richardson's work. One of these, *The Adventures of Joseph Andrews and his friend Mr. Abraham Adams*, began in similar fashion to the rest, and related how Pamela's brother, Joseph, mindful for his sister's worldly reward for her chastity, did likewise. But the author, Henry Fielding, having more than the stuff of the common imitator in him, created a great social satire and an entirely new type of picaresque novel, relating as it did to characters of inferior rank and manners, and including many light and farcical

³ See his *W. B. Yeats: A Critical Study* (1915). This, one of the earliest studies, contains the most illuminating criticism yet written of Yeats's poetry, drama, and prose up to the publication of *Responsibilities*.

situations as part of the serious purpose of the work. Together with its successor, *The History of Tom Jones*, it gained for its author the title "Father of the English novel."

Fielding and Richardson between them had evolved, at the expense of the "romance" a new art form, the realistic novel, and their imitators were legion. The seventeen-fifties alone saw more than one hundred and eighty imitations. These were usually published in two duodecimo volumes and George Colman writes of them in 1760:—

Cassandra's folios now no longer read

See two neat pocket-volumes in their stead.

A few titles will give sufficient indication of the aim and merit of most of these works: *The History of Jasper Banks, commonly called the handsome man*; *The History of Will Ramble, a libertine*; *The History of Charlotte Summers, the fortunate parish girl*; *The History of Pudica, a lady of Norfolk*, and so on, *ad nauseam*.

Things continued thus till the end of the century and the Romantic revival when Robert Bage, himself the closest imitator of Richardson, described the novel as "pretty generally considered as the lowest of all human productions." Thus it has continued until the present day, but it had to pass through many phases before that nadir was reached.

In one of these phases the writers, in order to widen the range granted by a central character of human flesh and blood, introduced as their "heroes" animals, insects or inanimate objects. It was this slight variation in what was almost a static form that produced such absurdities as *The History of Pompey the Little, or, the Life and Adventures of a Lap-Dog*; *The Memoirs of a flea*; *The Adventures of a Black Coat*, and, most famous of them all, *Chrysal, or, the Adventures of a Guinea*, by Charles Johnstone.

Johnstone was born at Carrigogunnel, County Limerick in the year 1719 and was educated for the law at Limerick Diocesan School and Trinity College. Deafness, however, prevented his ever practising at the Bar, and he turned to literature for a livelihood. His early efforts attracted the patronage of Lord Lyttleton who supported him until he married "a lady with a good fortune," and retired to live in a village near London. Here, in 1760, he wrote *Chrysal*, which quickly brought him notoriety as well as financial success, and he followed it up with *The Reverie, or, a*

Flight to the Paradise of Fools ; *The History of Arbases, Prince of Bethis* ; *The pilgrim, or, a Picture of Life* ; and *The History of John Juniper, Esq., alias Juniper Jack* ; all except the last in the usual two volume format. Tiring, however, of the artificiality of London life he went to India in 1782, and, having edited one newspaper and owned another, he died near Calcutta in the year 1800.

Chrysal relates, as its sub-title indicates, the adventures of a guinea from its birth in the gold-mines of Peru to its death or dissolution in the melting pot of a cracked author in search of the philosopher's stone. It changes hands often, seldom in honourable fashion, and an indication of the scope of the story may be gauged from a recital of some few of its owners : the miner in Peru and his girl friend, Amelia ; a Jesuit priest who received it in payment for absolution, a British naval officer, a banker, an art connoisseur, a cuckold, a general, a notorious bawd, a law officer, a highwayman, a charity worker, a bishop, a doctor, a lady of fashion, a jockey, a minister of state, a Jew, a Bulgarian soldier, a German, a pawn-broker, and eventually the author who brings about its ruin in the melting pot, turning gold into dross, instead of the reverse, as he had hoped. This ends the first two volumes which formed the original edition.

As can readily be imagined it gave the author endless opportunities of discussing the state of and exposing the scandals in all grades of society—and Johnstone lost no opportunity. He mercilessly satirised the grafting politicians and war-mongers, the rakes who ran their ungodly clubs of vice and blasphemy, the brainless army fops and the racketeers of the turf, the crooked churchmen and the pompous bribe-accepting public officials. Few escaped his lash which was applied so expertly that, although the indictments seem monstrous to a more moral generation, Johnstone convinces us of their truth.

Like Fielding, he believed that affectation, whether it sprung from vanity or from hypocrisy, was the only source of the true ridiculous, and there were few social balloons of his day which he did not prick and burst. "Vanity it is," says Johnstone, "that makes the constitutional coward, who trembles at the thought of danger, and would see his country ruined, rather than draw his sword in its defence, fight duels for a doubtful punctilio of empty ceremony ; the superstitious wretch, who finds omens in spilled salt and crossed straws, and sees goblins and devils in the

dark, profess infidelity, ridicule Providence, and dare the wrath of Heaven by insults and bravado, and lastly, this it is, that makes the hoary sage, whose life has been regulated by the strictest principles of morality and religion, while passion might have rebelled against them, commence libertine in the impotence of old age, and glory in vices he has lost the power to practise."

The main reason for the phenomenal success of *Chrysal* in its own day was that, in spite of the author's prefatory protest, practically all the characters were drawn from life and easily recognised by the chuckling reader. The chief sufferers were General Wolfe and Miss Lowther, afterwards Duchess of Bolton, the Countess of Yarmouth, mistress of George II; Frederick the great, Ferdinand of Brunswick, Byng, Chatham, Whitefield, Sandwich, Henry Fox, Lord George Sackville, Charles Churchill, Bute, Sir Francis Dashwood, John Wilkes, Bubb Dodington, John Hill, the quack doctor, and Foote, the actor and playwright. This does not mean that the novel had nothing else to it; or that it was merely "the best scandalous chronicle of its day." Johnstone was a fine stylist and has suffered an eclipse which could never have happened, had not literary giants like Fielding and Smollett, Sterne and Richardson been writing at the same time, just as Ben Jonson's or Kit Marlowe's great achievements pale into insignificance beside Shakespeare's supreme art. What an excellent colourist in words he was can be seen from the following short satirical portrait of a military fop:—

"He was seated at his breakfast of the choicest tea of Hyson, which he sipped out of the most elegant porcelain of Nanquin. His head was wrapped in a coif bordered with the finest lace; his temples bound with a ribbon of the colour of a rose; a gown of the silk of the chintz of Pekin flowed loose around him; he had hose of white silk on his legs and his feet were half-covered with slippers of the leather of Tarquestan"

In lighter mood, and one more suited to these times of new Knighthoods, we find him in the conversation between a herald and a successful tradesman:—

"Oh, I understand you, Sir! You are the first of your family and want to make arms for yourself as none of your ancestors have left you any! Why, Sir, that too may be done; but it must be with judgment and care, as I said before, for fear of interfering with the arms of

any other family. But you may trust me for that, Sir ! Half the arms you see cut such a figure about the town are of my devising. The king may make lords and knights of whom he pleases, but it is the herald must make them gentlemen . . . I understand you, Sir. I'll engage to please you. I'll quarter you the coat of a crowned head in an instant, without any body's being able to say a word against it. Leave it to me, and I'll engage to please you : not the richest contractor or Nabob of them all shall make such a figure . . . Sir, you may depend on having the highest arms of any man in the kingdom. Your generosity shows that you ought to be a gentleman ; and it shall be my fault if I don't make you one in the sight of the world."

The success of the first edition of *Chrysal* was so great that Johnstone added much new material—in fact two volumes more—to the 1768 edition. Here the most sensational disclosure was an intimate description of the Monks of Medmenham, a band of aristocratic rakes who called themselves the Monks of St. Francis after their leader, Sir Francis Dashwood, Chancellor of the British Exchequer, and indulged in such eighteenth century drolleries as the "Black Mass" or dressing up a baboon as the devil whom they prayed to instead of to God. Other members of this famous Hell-Fire Club were Charles Churchill the poet and John Wilkes the political writer, to both of whom Johnstone was comparatively lenient. Of Wilkes he writes :—

"He had such a flow of spirits that it was impossible ever to be a moment dull in his company. His wit gave charms to every subject he spoke on ; and his humour displayed the foibles of mankind in such colours, as to put even folly out of countenance. But the same vanity which had made him ambitious of entering into this society, only because it was composed of persons of a rank superior to his own in life, and still kept him in it, tho' upon acquaintance he despised themselves, sullied all these advantages. His spirits were often stretched to extravagance to overpower competition. His humour was debased to buffoonery ; and his wit was so prostituted to the lust of applause that he would sacrifice his best friend for a scurvy jest, and wound the heart of him whom he would at that very moment hazard his life and fortune to serve, only to raise a laugh."

Another of the Order was the Earl of Sandwich whose sole claim to fame lies in the fact that he once sat at the gaming table all day and, eating meat between two slices of bread to relieve his hunger, gave a new word, sandwich, to the English language. Johnstone describes his initiation into the Order :—

“ On his entrance he made the most profound obsequance and, advancing slowly towards a table that stood against the wall in the upper end of the chapel, as soon as he came to the rails by which it was surrounded, he fell upon his knees and making a profession of his principles, nearly in the words, but with the most gross perversion of the sense of the articles of faith of the religion established in the country, demanded admission within the rails where the superior and eleven of the fraternity stood arrayed in the habits of those whose names and characters they profaned by their assumption.”

What a slick ending to so cumbersome a sentence !

Although there have been at least fourteen editions of *Chrysal*, and it has been reprinted as late as 1907, no full-length study of Johnstone or his work has ever been made. In fact, the only critic who has treated him in any adequate way was Sir Walter Scott who christened him “ The prose Juvenal.” He wrote :—

“ As Le Sage renders vice ludicrous, Johnstone seems to paint even folly as detestable as well as ludicrous. His herald and auctioneer are among his lightest characters, but their determined roguery and greediness render them hateful even while they are comic. His language is firm and energetic, his power of personifying character striking and forcible and the persons of his narrative move, breathe and speak in all the freshness of life His sentiments are in general those of a bold, high-minded, and indignant censor of a loose and corrupted age. Yet it cannot be denied that Johnstone, in his hatred and contempt for the more degenerate vices of ingratitude, avarice and baseness of every kind, shows but too much disposition to favour libertines, who thought fit to practice open looseness of manners, because, they said, it was better than hypocrisy.”

Were he living to-day, poor Johnstone would have few outlets for his savage indignation ! No more clubs of vice ! No more corrupt politicians ! No more highwaymen ! No more ladies of enterprize ! We would probably find him writing fairy stories for children or a newspaper column for the grown-ups !

HOLIDAY IN OCTOBER

By Margaret O'Leary

THE insurance official awoke to the minute at the usual time though he had not set his alarum, but he did not get up ; he lay thinking of his good luck in having a free day and wondering idly how he would spend it. At a friend's house ? N-o. Now that he came to think of it, he had not a single friend that he could look up and have a meal with. One drops out of paying visits when one has important business matters on one's mind ; or, when one is getting on a bit in years ; not that he was old, really ; fifty isn't old ; and then he was so well-preserved ; so vigorous, especially with his mind ; see how the Head always gave him the ticklish jobs to do ; realised how intelligent he was ; nice fellow the Head ; actually reminded him of the day due to him since the summer ; why don't you take it now before the weather breaks, he said ; fine clear day to-day too, but a bit cold of course . . .

From his bed he could see the sky and the tops of the elm trees along Herbert Place. The sky was bright, and very high, with great masses of soft white clouds which kept continually moving and breaking up, revealing through thin or torn edges a vivid blue background. The leaves on the tops of the elm trees had thinned slightly, and were now fluttering delicately on the exposed black branches, like nestlings practising for flight. Every now and then a sudden breeze would come, shake the branches violently, and send a little shower of leaves circling into the air.

Whew 'there was a breeze for you'. No place like the warm bed on a cold gusty morning in October. Not, mind you, that he was an idler ; far from it ; he liked work ; work, boys, as Brother Cassidy used to say, should not be a task but a pleasure. Well, he had always found it a pleasure, and would like to tell Brother Cassidy that ; but of course Brother Cassidy was dead ; as we all will be one day ; the paths of glory lead but to the grave. But no use in getting gloomy ; this was a free day ; better get up and enjoy it . . .

He washed in the tepid water out of his hot bottle in which he threw a few drops of eau-de-cologne ; trimmed and polished

his nails ; took his false teeth out of the cleansing solution they had lain in during the night and rinsed them several times before putting them into his mouth ; massaged his thin hair with a lotion and then brushed it back off his forehead and temples. He cooked his breakfast in the kitchenette at the back, toasting his bread to an even brown and timing the three minutes for his egg with a little sand glass. Then, in his faded woollen dressing-gown, seated beside his electric fire, he took his breakfast slowly, enjoying the unaccustomed leisure and the meditation.

No ; the seaside was out of the question. Bray or Howth in October—why, man, you might as well take a trip to the North Pole . . . Wonder if young Hassett inspected that fire claim in Harcourt Street ? Most probably not ; those young fellows are about as stable as weathercocks ; nothing in their heads but dancing, and pictures, and girls. And do you think one of them would stay in a minute after closing time ? Not they. They're counting the minutes till tis five, and then away with them on the stroke, as if the devil was at their heels. There, he himself was in last evening till five thirty, getting those letters by the late post checked ; and, of course, by that time there wasn't a typist on the premises ; silly giddy things, forever running upstairs for cups of tea and coming down powdering their noses . . .

On the way out he got his newspaper, which lay neatly folded on the black oak hall table with his name scribbled in pencil at the top corner. The usual row of letters, sorted into little bundles for the residents of the flats, was no longer there ; and of course there was no letter for him. He glanced at the newspaper headings, read the death notices, and was about to refold his paper and put it in his breast pocket to read it in more detail at lunch, when a notice in the In Memoriam column caught his eye : "COTTER. Fourteenth anniversary. In loving memory of Mary Cotter, Arbutus Lodge, Lucan, who died 20th October, 1930. Mollie." He read the notice twice, slowly, and then went out.

A sudden gust of wind came sweeping along Herbert Place from Baggot Street Bridge, sending the dead leaves in the gutters wheeling into the air and pricking his face, and he was obliged to stand for a moment, with his back turned, until it had passed.

He had known Mary Cotter and her daughter Mollie many years before ; perhaps twenty, perhaps twenty-five. He had

known them intimately ; in fact, he used visit them every Sunday afternoon—holiday afternoons, too—and remain until the last tram. It was trams that time, not buses ; long, jolting, draughty things, like primitive trains. The mother was a widow ; comfortable ; living on some private means ; house property, wasn't it ? At any rate the house they lived in was their own. He remembered it perfectly : a low, stone-built house, in from the road, and hidden from view by arbutus shrubs ; so well hidden indeed, that if you did not see the little gate you would not know it was there at all. Oh, a lovely, secluded little nest ! And then, making it even more secluded, there was that solid square porch, covered as it was with a prickly kind of creeper which was always a mass of red berries during the winter. But, try as he would, he could not recall anything inside the house, or even the appearance of either mother or daughter. All that remained in his memory, and he reproached himself for it, was an atmosphere of warmth and comfort, a faint smell of something pleasing, muffled sounds of laughter and chatter.

He went to eleven o'clock Mass at Clarendon Street Church. The light through the richly coloured windows was dim, so dim that he could not read his prayer-book ; and the church, though crowded, had a hollow, stagnant atmosphere, as if it were underground. On his right, close up against him, was a lady with her hands in a large opossum muff on which a bunch of violets was pinned ; she was evidently saying her rosary, for she kept up all the time a little sibilant whispering with the edge of her lips. Soon he found that the whispering, the perfume of the violets, and even the muff, were creating nebulous shapes in his mind which kept changing and sifting like blurred vision till they gradually focussed to a human being.

Now he could see the mother distinctly. She was a middle-aged woman, low and plump, with a shapeless figure full of undulating curves. Her face was shapeless too, and colourless, but it was lit with two little brown eyes full of laughter. She always wore black, some soft silky material which clung round her figure, accentuating its curves and rotundity ; and some sweetish perfume which she used, he did not know what it was, circulated in little whiffs round her whenever she moved. Her voice was low and gurgling but somewhat husky, and she was very fond of telling long funny stories about young people in love, at which she laughed a lot herself. Most of these stories,

he now remembered, referred to Mollie and usually began with the address to himself "Do you know what she said?" or "Do you know what she did?" He strained his memory to catch a glimpse of Mollie but she was still a blank, and so was the sitting-room.

After Mass he went into Stephen's Green Park. People hurried past him, mostly students on their way to and from University College, all well wrapped up, all intent on their business. He was the only one who was free, whose time was his own to do what he liked with. Wishing to enjoy his leisure undisturbed, he turned away from the main thoroughfare and went along the path bordering the duck pond. There wasn't a soul there. The place was fully exposed to the wind and the gusts, now lighter but very frequent, sent little ripples scudding in varying tones over the surface of the water, at one minute in one direction, the next in another, as if an invisible giant were blowing on it. Occasionally, pale gleams of sunshine broke through the moving clouds overhead, making everything they touched look suddenly alive; but that lasted only for a short time, and then all became stark again.

His nose felt cold and he began to sniff. He turned away from the pond into a side path, and then into a long alley planted on each side by plane trees. The lower branches of the trees, covered with large leaves of delicate greens and yellows, intertwined in a canopy overhead. It was sheltered there from the wind, and so secluded that his footsteps resounded with a faint echo on the hard ground. He walked up and down this alley for some time, his gloved hands clasped loosely behind him, his mind running pleasantly from one thing to another: his work at the office and the esteem in which he was held there; the comfort of his bachelor flat; his free day; a recent little investment which turned out better than he had anticipated. But all the time his senses were unconsciously enjoying the delicate colouring of the long vista, the cloistered silence and seclusion; and out of this unconscious sensory enjoyment there emerged as out of a morning mist, first, one by one, the different objects in the sitting-room at Lucan, and then the sitting-room itself with the objects in their right places. He saw the moss-green chenille curtains, the pale yellow china ware, the low ceiling, the little square table with its snow-white glossy cloth, the silver teapot with the ebony handle, the clear fire which never smoked or

never blazed, always so good for making toast. How pleasant it all was ! Why did he ever give up going there ? He could not remember. There was no definite break ; there was never any definite break from anyone, or anything, in his whole life. Probably he just drifted away ; visits gradually became fewer, and then ceased altogether. A pity !

A man and a girl, arm in arm, had entered the alley at the far end and were coming towards him. The man was talking and laughing in a bass rumbling voice, the girl listening with a little smile. As they were passing him the man stopped, stared, and exclaimed :

" It is ? It isn't ? Yes, it is ! "

He now recognized the man : an old schoolmate of his at the Christian Brothers, a rough loud-voiced fellow whom he had always disliked and avoided.

The man grabbed his hand with vigour, all the time talking and chuckling, asking questions and not waiting for an answer :

" And how the devil are you ? Sure I'd know you boiled. Turned out, shining like a new sixpence, just the same as at school when we used throw spots of ink on your collar to make you cry." A chuckle. " Spite, of course, for you were the model boy. I suppose you're still in that insurance office ? But of course you would be. Not much of the rolling stone about you." Another chuckle. " Not like me ; in and out of things all my life. Was even in an insurance office for a while ; but couldn't stand the bloody place ; why, man, you might as well be in a strait jacket. Am now in the bookie business, and suits me down to the ground. Oh, I forgot—this is my daughter." A chuckle. " I mean one of them ; I've so many, I've lost count. I suppose you've a big family too yourself ? "

This time the man waited for an answer. The insurance official, not condescending to reply, shook his head.

" What ! " the bass voice was several degrees higher. " Maybe never married ? "

Would that vulgarian never be done prying into his personal affairs ? He gazed away to the far end of the alley while giving his head the slightest movement of negation.

The man's eyebrows shot up in mock horror. " Oh my, oh my, oh my ! Still the gay Lothario ! " Another grab of the hand. " Well, good-bye now ; glad to see you. Come on, young

trouble-the-house, tis getting on to dinner-time ;” and linking arms again with his daughter he moved away.

“ Who was gay Lothario, daddy ? ” asked the girl.

The man laughed. “ The devil a bit do I know, but you always say that to a fellow who’s had the good sense to keep his head out of the marriage noose and not have a whole houseful of young daughters to be plagueing the life out of him.

The girl did not respond to the raillery. She loosed her arm and stood, brows puckered, looking after the retreating figure. Then she said slowly and thoughtfully :

“ I don’t see anything very ‘ gay ’ about that poor old man.”

The clear young voice carried under the low canopy of leaves and he heard the words distinctly. He straightened his back as if it had got a jab with a sharp instrument, and left the park by the nearest gate. He crossed the road obliquely, without waiting for the regulation crossing, and hurried down Grafton Street, his body swept along by the impetus of the jolt his mind had just received and its struggle to recover from it. He clung tenaciously to the memories of Lucan, the most pleasing of all his morning’s reflections, but he found now, to his dismay, that these memories too had suffered from the jolt ; they had become distorted, harshened. He could still recall the sitting-room vividly, but its atmosphere of softness and sweetness was gone. He saw himself in it, alone with the mother ; Mollie was out in the kitchen wetting the tea ; he was kneeling in front of the fire, a long fork in his hand, making toast ; the mother was straining towards him, whispering in an anxious way that Mollie was not like other girls—penniless ; and then she bent her face round in front of his and stared steadily into his eyes with a doglike, beseeching, even reproachful, expression.

He arrived at the corner of a side street off Westmoreland Street in which was the restaurant where he usually lunched : a quiet place mostly frequented by men, but the food was plentiful and good. He stood a moment, irresolute, and then went on. To-day he would go to a brighter place ; perhaps, after all, he had been letting himself get into a groove. He crossed O’Connell Bridge, and was now in a world of cinemas and cinema-restaurants advertised with gay lights and colours. He entered one of the latter and mounted a wide marble staircase to the lunch room on the first floor. It was an immense room filled with well-

dressed people laughing and chatting and eating at little tables. An orchestra on a palm-adorned dais was playing a light dance tune which made him think of children skipping. He sat down at a small table in a corner and ordered a meal. One side of the room was entirely of glass, and the walls and tablecloths were a pale yellow, so the place seemed filled with sunshine ; and when, presently, the music stopped, the subdued murmur of the hundreds of voices laughing and chatting sounded like the buzzing of swarms of bees. Now the orchestra was playing again, this time a slow waltz tune which made him think of young women, soft looks, smiles, dimples. And through all these vague thoughts, there came to him again and again fleeting glimpses of one particular face, as if it were shyly peeping at him from behind a curtain. It was the face of a young girl with dark curly hair, always a little unruly, and round pink cheeks. Now she was shaking her head, and the short curls round her face were dancing ; now she was looking at him, sideways, with a little hollow in the round cheek, smiling at one of her mother's funny stories . . . Why, of course !—it was Mollie ! Mollie as she was twenty-five years before !

He wondered gently what she was like now. She would be middle-aged ; middle-aged like himself. Well, he liked middle-aged women ; felt more at ease with them than with girls, or even with middle-aged men ; they had an understanding kind of way ; a man could talk to them about his work ; those tricky fire and accident cases, for instance ; and then when a man came home in the evening, instead of switching on an electric fire, there would be a nice coal fire, not blazing exactly but bright, just as it used to be . . . Hallo, hallo, what was he thinking of ? Was it the music, or the restaurant, or the free day, or those bookie people, or what had gone to his head ? He was a sensible business man . . . Still in all, it would be nice to see Mollie again. They would talk over old times like two sensible middle-aged people that they were, without any sentiment or nonsense of that sort ; and he would drink a cup of tea with her out of the yellow china cups . . .

He took an afternoon 'bus to Lucan. The weather had changed since the morning. The wind was gone, but the air, though much milder, had lost its earlier bright clarity and the sky its loftiness. The great masses of moving clouds were now quite low and had changed from white to steel-grey.

There were few passengers in the 'bus and these got out on the way, so he was the only one left on arrival at the terminus. He passed through the village, sleepy as it always was, the only one out of doors this gloomy afternoon, and soon arrived at the little entrance gate of Arbutus Lodge. But now that he was actually there, faced with action out of his daily routine, action embodying an unknown experience, he began to waver. What silly, impulsive thing was this he was doing, he asked himself. He went on past the gate, debating the matter : He was a sensible business man, not given to acting on impulse ; not like that bookie fellow, for instance. Still in all, as he had come so far he might as well call. But what would she think ? Would she misunderstand it ? A man couldn't be too careful . . . A fine rain now began to fall and he turned back, still arguing, still unable to make up his mind : Well, after all, they were old friends ; both middle-aged ; and the evening was wet. A cup of tea and a good fire—But maybe she wasn't living there at all ? The newspaper gave no indication . . .

He now noticed in the gathering dusk another man coming along the road in his direction ; a small man with a very long overcoat reaching to his ankles, and an enormous umbrella open over him hiding his head and shoulders. A local person evidently, and not young ; just the one to put a discreet question to ; one should look before one leaped.

He had now arrived again at the entrance gate, and stood there until the man with the umbrella came near.

" I beg your pardon— "

The man tilted his umbrella sideways and revealed a perfectly round face, soft as a baby's, prodded with small round eyes full of mild enquiry.

" I beg your pardon, could you tell me if Miss Mollie Cotter lives here ? "

The round face widened and creased, like a rubber doll's pulled out, and the little mild eyes lit up with roguery.

" You're late, sir, you're late."

" Late ? "

" By a score of years." One little roguish eye half-closed triumphantly : " And I'm the man responsible. I know a good thing when I see it." The man then stood on his tiptoes, to get his mouth as near as possible to the other's ear, and whispered : " One month after I got to know her—just one month, mind

you—I was putting the ring on her finger.” Then, as if suddenly remembering that he was talking to a stranger, he drew himself quickly away and said in a formal, but polite, tone: “Did you know her, sir?”

“No.”

The answer was short and sharp, but almost immediately there was the qualification in a softer voice: “At least, very slightly; just in a business way.”

At this information the little man looked pleased and important, as if he considered it an honour to be the husband of a woman with business acquaintances.

“Won’t you come in, sir? She’d be so pleased. A cup of tea, now—?”

“No, no, thank you, I’m in a hurry. Good evening.”

“Good evening.”

Even though he said he was in a hurry he walked slowly along the road back to Lucan village, feeling a sense of comfort in the fine rain patting his face so gently, in the dusk closing in around him and isolating him, but above all, in the thought that the free day was at an end. To-morrow he would be back at his desk and things would be right again. Young Hassett would be sure to have forgotten that Harcourt Street claim. And there were those letters waiting to be typed. And there would be all those queries waiting to be filled up; catch those hairy boyos doing one stroke more than issue the cover notes. Double work, double work; but all to the good, his back could bear the burden. Only for him, the office could never keep going at all.

JACK B. YEATS.

By Edward Sheehy

THE Loan Exhibition of the work of Jack B. Yeats is a timely tribute to our oldest, most distinguished and most successful painter. He is almost impossible to write about, not because he is the pure painter whose values are indescribable in writing; but because his achievement is so various and his development so full of improbabilities that any rule will find too

many exceptions. Academic in training, he has always been the most unacademic of painters. He began life as an illustrator in black and white, working at times for sporting and comic papers ; while the value of his latest work lies in his superb and daring use of colour. Barely recognised when his work was clear and straightforward ; he was overwhelmed with popularity as it became more difficult to understand or appreciate. Though he came of a class of whom Standish O'Grady wrote that they " laugh with foreign jaws at this beggar nation, ragged and mendicant, whose substance they devoured and whose house dishonoured," he is the most national of Irish painters. And if any ultra-nationalist disagrees with this judgment, I would reply in the words of Professor Corkery about another art : " The national virtue is a kingdom of many mansions, and though some national writers may be freer of this kingdom than others, none of them can ever succeed in interpreting to us more than a few of the constituent mansions." Yeats has interpreted many from the pirate-world of boyhood in those early chap books for children, to his latest essay in mystery and imagination.

As a young man Yeats took for his subject the life of the people of his native Sligo bringing to it a solid equipment as a draughtsman, a strong yet flexible line and a dramatic sense in composition. In those early drawings we see immediately his natural Romanticism in the aspects of that life which he chose to depict. He selects, with the adventurous mind and eye of boyhood, the extravagant moment, the brave gesture, the picaresque character. He is most at home at fairs and races where the people are, for the moment, seen in that mood of rebellion against the inevitable doom of toil and age and death. Otherwise his favourite characters are those of no fixed abode, the jockeys, the tinkers, the sailors, the tawdry denizens of the travelling circus, the pie-sellers and three-card men of the race-course, the rovers and the rambles of the countryside and the world. In all these drawings he shows a keen eye for the gesture expressive not so much of character as of mood, for the brave movement whether it be of a horse at the starting-post, or a pig-buyer entering a pub. So far his work is wholly dependent on drawing ; the colour is simply an added decoration hardly necessary to the form. In content it has a certain individualist detachment, as though seen by the eye of the spectator who is nearly but not quite at home.

In his early oils Yeats retains the strong line and dramatic

composition rich in contrasts between stillness and movement, between the uncompromising solidity of objects and the impermanence of changing backgrounds. He begins painting smoothly and sombrely from a low-toned palette, the light diffused and absorbed into the colour. With time, light assumes an increasing importance and colour is used with a more sensitive eye to atmosphere and mood. While his pre-occupations are still substantially the same, his feeling for life seems broader and deeper. The growing consciousness of nationhood at that time was bringing artists into a closer relationship with the realities of Irish life as a separate and individual thing ; and that relationship, or collaboration, made impossible for ever after the purely colonial attitude. It would be a mistake to think of Yeats as a militant nationalist ; no artist could be that and remain an artist. But he certainly did collaborate in that renaissance of the spirit which culminated in the Rebellion and the Anglo-Irish war ; and by so doing he liberated his art from the hitherto unrelieved provinciality of painting in Ireland. He is still a Romantic in that he continues to select with an eye for the mood and the moment ; but the mood has a greater solemnity and the moments are nearer to history. The city too assumes a greater importance among his subjects in this period. He delights in painting the quays stretching to the changing skies of the west above the roofs that reflect their broken light. Both the climax of his national phase and one of his finest achievement as a painter is his *The Funeral of Harry Boland* painted towards the end of this period. This picture attains a tragic dignity and a historical solemnity without the slightest straining after effect, or sacrifice of the painter's native freshness of observation. It is not merely a great picture, but a great national picture—the achievement of a man who had found himself and his people.

Yeats's present phase (I dare not say his final) might be described as an adventure in pure colour. Form is frequently dissolved in violent explosions of light, or appears as a tenuous variation in the density of coloured shadows. It is an Impressionism of the mind rather than of the eye, an attempt, which frequently succeeds, to paint the "light that never was on sea or land." Colour is used for its own sake ; for the sake of the mood it evokes. Behind it, as behind an infinitely rich and translucent curtain, move the same figures, the sailors and the jockeys, the horses and the donkeys of his early days as a worker in line.

In the years since he adopted it, Yeats has shown that his new manner is capable of a tremendous range of expression. His new freedom in the application of paint has added to the imaginative depth of his painting by making possible a multiplicity of suggestion which only gradually unfolds itself to the spectator. In this way the spectator is made to collaborate in the work of creation. This, I think, is the secret of his later success. His best pictures, while constant in mood and superb in their colour-harmonies are a constant source of pleasure to the imagination because of their very obscurity. The mistake of the academic purist lies in his assumption that what is obscure must be accidental; but then is poetry always capable of precise paraphrase?

In content his later work seems to me a return to Romantic individual vision; as though, when politics ousted patriotism, collaboration ceased and the artist was thrust back into himself and his own past. How often in his later manner does he not paint like a man lost in his own memories of high, mahogany-panelled drawing-rooms, of conversations at windows that look out over wide parks. The pictures *About to Write a Letter*, or *Sisters*, or the small and lovely canvas *A Visit* seem to me conceived in that mood. Even the circuses, in spite of their blazing colour seem painted with nostalgia. The gallant sea-captain, who might have posed for James Flaunty, the Terror of the Western Seas in that early play for the miniature stage, is retired and lives in a shabby room lit with an oil lamp and colourful with oleographs and chintz; or perhaps he wanders bowed in solitude among the lonely sandhills. Of the fighting tinkers of his earlier days, one is pale and dead in a ditch while the other stands against the wild sky in farewell. Of course there are many individual pictures in his later period which show that Yeats has still a sense of the common life; and that he can interpret it with a fine Romantic bravery. But I do not think his later work has anything like the same reaching-out towards the life around him as did some of the pictures painted in the early twenties. But then we might ask if the life to-day has anything to offer to the Romantic except the conviction of the inevitable solitude of the human spirit.

DRAMATIC COMMENTARY

By A. J. Leventhal

LE MALADE IMAGINAIRE. By Molière. Théâtre Molière de Londres.
LE GENDRE DE M. POIRIER. By Emile Augier. Théâtre Molière de Londres.
THE SHADOW. By Mervyn Wall. Players Theatre.
THE ROCKS OF BAWN. By Liam Redmond. Players Theatre.
ROSSA. By Roger McHugh. Abbey Theatre.
THE SON OF LEARNING. By Austin Clarke. Lyric Theatre Company.
CAIN. Mary Devenport O'Neill. Lyric Theatre.

Dublin owes much to Hilton Edwards and Micheál MacLiammóir, but their presentation of London Théâtre Molière will be reckoned as one of their most important achievements. For plays in French we have hitherto had to depend on the noble efforts of the local Société Française or the enterprise of students whose enthusiasm softened our critical hearts. *Le Malade Imaginaire* was a *succès fou*. Thanks to Lady Gregory we had been introduced to Molière tricked out in Kiltartan. Her versions with their peasant idiom interpreted the original more accurately and with greater sympathy than did those polite professors who, in their meticulousness traduced rather than translated. Paul Bonifas held a crowded house with his acting in the title part. Hamlet as a type recurs in life in periodic cycles. Hamletism was rife immediately after the last war. It explains the *inquiétude* of the so-called transitional writers. But the neurotic remains as eternal as the feminine of Goethe and equally attractive to writers. Despite the advances made in medicine and in psychological treatment, there would appear to be as many and as vocal Argans now-a-days as in Molière's time when the latter sneered at the contemporary leeches with their *chystères insinuatifs* or *détersifs* or *carminatifs* and trounced them for their presumptuous panaceas.

In the original production the role of Argan was played by Molière himself; whilst his young wife, who led him such a dance off the stage, played Angélique, Argan's daughter. It is difficult not to recall, in the midst of the broad comedy of this play, that Molière collapsed and died with his sneers against the medical profession still echoing in the theatre. In modern times Shaw is likewise implacably hostile to physicians and surgeons alike. This, of course, cannot be attributed to Molière's influence, but it is worth remarking that the French dramatist anticipated him by introducing his own name into his play actually spoken by himself in the part which he was playing.

The setting of the play was somewhat odd; curtains would have been preferable to the nondescript set provided. Hurried arrangements may account for this. The costumes, however, were creditably credible with the exception of that worn by Angélique which was too-too-Champs-Elysées-present-century. The comedy itself moved with speed, the players enjoying themselves as much as the audience who seemed to follow the fun as though they had never been to Stratford atte Bowe for their French schooling.

Le Gendre de Monsieur Poirier was a bad choice for this company's second play. With the best Francophile will in the world we couldnt work up any real

interest in the manners and customs of the ruined nobility or ignoble new-rich of the mid-nineteenth century. The satire has lost its edge. So far as corruption in buying civic preferment or the acquiring of a peerage in exchange for bags of gold is concerned, it might have had some meaning. But the punctilio displayed in the points of honour involved in the duelling episode, which may have had a satiric load of allusion in its day, left the Gate Theatre audience more bored than bewildered. This was thin stuff after *Le Malade Imaginaire*. Besides we had already appreciated the possibilities for comedy in the role of son-in-law in the latter piece and now found ourselves confronted with another son-in-law imbroglio. We felt ourselves in Toinette's words "bien engendrés." Here again the acting of Paul Bonifas, this time with the outstanding assistance of Marcel Poncin as Vertelet, the friend of the family, made the play acceptable as entertainment despite the musty odour of a decayed epoch.

The Players Theatre continued their efforts to justify their formation with a season at the Olympia. Mervyn Wall is equipped with the technical skill as a man of the theatre to an extent that should enable him one day to write a really fine play. Technique, even if it is the labyrinthine plotting of a Sardou, usually only comes to a playwright after much experience. Mervyn Wall, however, has a flair for the handling of exits and entrances as he has for the varied mechanics of the dramatist's craft. His curtains descended on the right and bright remark and cut off the play from the audience at just the right situation. His characters, moreover, had individuality. They were all credible except Eithne Preston, the daughter of the Minister for the Interior. Yet, despite this, the whole production, like damp fireworks, failed to light up. Perhaps it was that there was no real warmth in the dramatist himself. Caught up in the external design of his play, in its geometric symbols, he was like some aphasic magician unable to produce the ultimate abracadabra to raise the spirit of genuine drama. It was not the association of the plot with the life and death of a local politician of recent times that put the audience into ill-humour but the fact that there was no real life, no real politics, no real love, even no real humour, made the final departure of the Minister to his death an incongruous and unacceptable gesture. Even the skill of John Stephenson, who played the last-mentioned part, could not make it live. Nevertheless, it must be repeated, Mr. Wall knows his theatre; he should soon know his play.

This cannot be said of Liam Redmond whose first play to be shown in this city confirms the view expressed by the present writer on another occasion that a good player does not necessarily make a good playwright. The *Rocks of Bawn* has an ambitious theme—a theme that dare not speak its name and to which Beatrice in Shelley's *The Cenci* refuses to give utterance :

If I could find a word that might make known
The crime of my destroyer ; and that done,
My tongue should like a knife tear out the secret
Which cankers my heart's core.

Mr Redmond also suppresses the dread word, but in the suppression the comparison with Shelley ends. Incest should lift a play into heights of tragedy. By all means let there be pity, but without horror the subject is an unworthy one. Pity

there was in abundance but terror—the Aristotelian formula still holds—there was none. The catharsis came only in the fresh air of Dame Street.

Despite the employment of the mode used by political partisans in modern propagandist art forms, be it Stephen Spender, Clifford Odets, Russian film directors and one supposes official Nazi dramatists, *Rossa* had its moments. At first the play had all the appearance of a documentary that put the British enemy in the dock with the most casual counsel for the defence pleading in his interest. The author however, recovered his sense of balance in the last act where we find that, at any rate in America, virtue and incorruptibility are not necessarily inevitable in the Irish character. It is not easy to overcome the difficulties of the historical play. Roger McHugh required four scenes in his first act to tell his story. His second act in various parts of an English prison was more skilfully handled and although the author is here in his partisan mood at his boldest, piling on the Belsen pain, his powerful writing and dramatic sense held the audience. The Abbey actors were not at their best. Even F. J. McCormick was unconvincing as the prison governor. Had he been given the title-role, the play would have made a greater impression.

The revival by the Lyric Theatre Company of Austin Clarke's first verse play was very welcome. Modern poetry has acquired the reputation of being non-communicative. Its privacy finds an unexpected apologist in John Stuart Mill who wrote: "Eloquence is heard, poetry is overheard. Eloquence supposes an audience; the peculiarity of poetry appears to lie in the poet's utter unconsciousness of a listener." Mr. Clarke's comedy—much more acceptable under its original title than that of *The Hunger Demon* in a previous production—plays havoc with Mill's theory. It has both eloquence and poetry and was surely written for an audience. There was an appreciative audience who seemed to enjoy the plays poetic merits as much as its nutritional humour. The poet was well served by his cast, Cyril Cusack as the scholar and Hamlyn Benson as the king giving magnificent performances.

The Son of Learning was preceded by Mary Devenport O'Neill's *Cain*. This little dance play should be familiar to readers of the *Dublin Magazine* in which it was first published a few years ago. It has since been translated into Czech. The genuine poetry, the universality of its theme—Death tasting for the first time the joy of the fulfilment of her destiny as she embraces the dying Abel—as well as the choreographic possibilities of the play are likely to make it more widely known not only in the experimental theatre but among those who expect box-office returns. Ballet dancing is still in the neophyte stage in this country but the Lyric Theatre performance was entertaining and the actors spoke their lines with the clarity and conviction they deserved.

Art Notes

By Edward Sheehy

ROYAL HIBERNIAN ACADEMY OF ARTS.

PAINTINGS BY CECIL FFRENCH SALKELD. The Victor Waddington Galleries.

SKETCHES AND STUDIES. Louis le Brocquy. 13 Merrion Row, Dublin.

NICK NICHOLLS. Contemporary Picture Galleries.

FRANCES KELLY. The Dawson Gallery.

RAYMOND MCGRATH. The Victor Waddington Galleries.

PAINTINGS BY COLIN MIDDLETON. The Grafton Gallery.

PAINTINGS BY WILLIAM J. LEECH. The Dawson Gallery.

The war has had a considerable effect on painting in Ireland ; but, in spite of a certain lady writing with lyrical enthusiasm in a recent number of *Horizon*, the effect has been quantitative rather than qualitative, and to be ascribed more to economic causes than to the influx of refugee genius. Doubtless the refugees did a good deal of evangelising in the cause of variety of modernisms which were not quite so modern ; but apart from their own work, which was largely on the dilettante fringe, I can trace no influence of theirs on Irish painting. The native painters continue to work out their own salvation or damnation in much the same way as they have been doing ; the only difference being that the dual processes are considerably speeded up. There is an increased public interest in painting, and, though the conventional drawing-room landscapes and genre-paintings have sold like confectionery, the more original and even still experimental painters have found discerning buyers. In these last months the number of exhibitions was so great that the critic in a quarterly cannot deal adequately even with the minority selected above.

This year's Academy exhibition fulfilled expectations in producing the usual few competent academic portraits, a large body of meaningless mediocrity, and a very few genuine attempts at original painting. Among the portraitists, James Sleator attracts me most for his sensitivity, honesty and the quiet competence of his painting. He is free from usual portrait-painter's theatricality and imposes his own discerning evaluation on the sitter. I particularly liked his portraits of Thomas Fraser Mackie, O.B.E., and Mrs. Martin Fitzgerald. Sean O'Sullivan, in a higher key, had a very fine portrait in that of Mrs. Kavanagh ; but the delicate painting of the face was killed by a too vivid blue light in the background. His and Leo Whelan's portraits of Dr. Douglas Hyde are on the same plane as so much occasional verse ; the weight of the occasion precludes all but the conventional ; nevertheless one remembers Sickert's portraits of royalties, which overcame that limitation. Maurice MacGonigal's *Muiris* is a step away from conventional in its uncompromising clarity and its sensitive perception of colour. Two child-studies by Muriel Brandt have both tenderness in characterisation and an unobtrusive delicacy in the use of paint. Ernest C. Hayes bids fair to be popular with those who admire Doumergue's advertisements for cosmetics. For evidence that he can paint, I rely on one tiny Chinese figure in the background of a portrait that is all opulence and glamour. His *The Night Tide* suggests a storm of mauve chiffon.

Several small landscapes by Maurice MacGonigal show a growing sensitivity to light. Estella F. Solomons, in *Spring Landscape, Dublin*, has a fresh, vivid picture in which rich greens and vivid lights are handled with daring. I liked

The Green Jumper, by Edmund Gregg, a painter unknown to me, for a naturalness and a clarity suggestive of Brueghel. Hilda Robert's *The Whitechurch Bus* is a vivacious picture, humourous in its drawing and gay in colour.

Among the sculpture, Laurence Campbell's head of Jack B. Yeats is a straightforward portrait, well conceived and boldly executed. Marshall C. Hutson's portrait of W. T. Cosgrave has very fine modelling and a conventional delicacy.

Cecil French Salkeld is a painter who uses a fine classical technique to express a kind of Romantic agony. His pictures are carefully and formally built. His palette is original, sombre, intellectually rather than emotionally conceived. At his best he puts on canvas the modern equivalent of the *accidia* of the Scholastics; but his danger seems to be a too great technical fluency which can serve even the set-piece and the trite. Apart from this he is a distinguished and what is more, an original painter as the majority of pictures at this show bear witness, particularly *Cats* and *Siesta*.

While Louis le Brocquy's ninety-six studies and sketches were most of them slight and many of them tentative and frankly experimental, they show him an artist with a sensitive perception of life, an expressive and delicate line and a growing control of an individual architecture in composition. His painting has sophistication which is sometimes too feminine and which seems to reside largely in the delicacy of his colouring. I should like to see his imaginative and technical gifts allied to a bolder use of colour. *Head of A Girl Child* and *Self* show his perception used creatively; *Finale* his approach to composition, and *Classic Theme III* his control of line. The show includes a finely decorative cartoon for stained glass.

Nick Nicholls drawings are simple, charming impressions of everyday scenes, drawn in flowing, natural, apparently effortless line. Slight in content and deceptively simple in execution, they show a well-balanced feeling for composition. I was unfortunately unable to attend his exhibition of oils held sometime later.

Frances Kelly is a painter who overworks a limited technical virtuosity which vaguely suggests Marie Laurencin without her sense of colour and Marietta Lydis without her line. In this sense she has an international flavour. With a limited palette and sweeping brush-work she can produce a highly-decorative picture which is fashionably unconventional. Two pictures: *Jane in Bed* and *In the Mirror* show a more serious approach and a more sensitive handling of paint.

Raymond McGrath in his water-colours transcribes reality so unemotionally and with such uncompromising fidelity that his pictures have an austerity which is rather repelling. The most classical art is sterile without some emotion; the most realistic without some imagination. This artist has too little of either. Nevertheless his conscientious fidelity to the object is preferable to the usual sentimental use of water-colour and more open to development. I like best his *Merchants' Quay* and *Four Courts* which is almost surrealist in feeling, and *Ochre Berth, Arklow*, for its colour.

Colin Middleton's show was an exciting experience. He derives from the surrealists, but with sufficient individuality of imagination to stand in his own

right. He paints smoothly, with a hard finish, has an original and delicate sense of colour and his composition is both decorative and dramatic. Though most of his work is interesting, *St. John: Retrospect*, freer in handling, is the most satisfying. By contrast with the others his few essays in Impressionism are amateurish.

William J. Leech is a painter of whose work we see far too little here. This exhibition contains some of his early works which show his debt to Osborne, particularly *Mending* and *Fish Market, Concarneau*, painted broadly in rich mellow tones. His recent pictures use a more lively palette, and have a fine sense of colour in the treatment of accepted themes. I like him best when he uses full tones. His most pleasant pictures are those corners of landscapes in which gates and haystacks are painted with quiet feeling. His sense of colour saves even a conventional theme like *Flowers and a Mirror* from banality. Most delightful of all is a brilliant little canvas, *The Market, Concarneau*, in which sunlight through trees is painted with sheer love of light and in which patches of vivid scarlet almost sing.

JACK B. YEATS—HIS BOOKS

This is a bibliography of the books written and illustrated by Jack B. Yeats; his own books as distinct from books written by other authors and illustrated by him.

The two sets of broadsides issued in two series (Nos. 2 and 6) are of interest as the first broadsheet advertised on the inside cover of no. 4 and the second is a later series.

I wish to thank Mr. Jack B. Yeats for the help he has given me; particularly for information as to dates of 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and for other important details. I am indebted to Mr. Francis O'Kelley for assistance and advice and to Dr. F. S. Bourke for giving me a copy of Jack B. Yeats/His Pictorial and Dramatic/Art/By/Ernest Marriott (Elkin Mathews 1911) and to Mr. P. S. Ó h-Éigheartaigh, President of the Bibliographical Society of Ireland for kindly allowing me to collate his complete set of broadsheets (No. 2) and for much help.

1. JAMES FLAUNTY (1901).

Front cover serving as title-page; : across top : JACK B. YEATS'S PLAYS/IN THE OLD MANNER/.

: within frame: between figures of ship, Nance and Flaunty (drawn by author) JAMES FLAUNTY/OR/THE TERROR OF THE/WESTERN SEAS/. LONDON. PUBLISHED AND SOLD WHOLESALE AND RETAIL BY ELKIN/MATHEWS IN VIGO STREET (NIGH THE ALBANY); ALSO/SOLD BY MOST BOOKSELLERS IN TOWN AND COUNTRY/.

Foolscap 8vo; $7\frac{1}{8} \times 4\frac{3}{8}$; pp. 16 not numbered; brown paper cover; title on front page cover only; inside back cover quotation from R. L. Stevenson and note that copies coloured by author may be had price 5/- net; advertisements on back cover. Seven illustrations by author hand coloured. No Date [1901].

National Library of Ireland copy presented by Miss Yeats 1910.

2. A BROADSHEET (1902, 1903).

A BROADSHEET/single sheet, verso blank 20×15 ; numbered 1-24; numbered at bottom of sheets no. 1 in centre, no. 2-24 at bottom left-hand corners.

Edited by Jack B. Yeats. At bottom of sheet : TO BE HAD FROM MISS PAMELA COLMAN SMITH AND FROM JACK B. YEATS. Sold also by Elkin Mathews. In Nos. 2—24 "Published and sold by Elkin Mathews, Vigo Street, London W."

Nos. 1—5 are headed simply A Broadsheet, with the month and year, nos. 6—7 have, in addition, "Pictures by Miss Pamela Colman Smith and Jack B. Yeats," nos. 8—12 drop the "Miss" and nos. 13—24 have "Pictures by Jack B. Yeats and others."

There are illustrations by Mary C. Yeats (Mrs. Jack B. Yeats) in nos. 17 ; 19 ; 23 ; in no. 18 drawing by Mrs. Elkin Mathews ; hand coloured ; grey portfolio issued to hold 24 sheets. In no. 4 there is a poem by Jack B. Yeats.

3. THE SCOURGE OF THE GULPH (1903).

Front cover serving as title-page ; : across top : ONE OF JACK B. YEATS'S PLAYS/FOR THE MINIATURE STAGE/.

: Within frame : drawing of pirate on board ship with tropical island in background signed Jack B. Yeats : THE SCOURGE/OF THE GULPH/. LONDON PUBLISHED AND SOLD WHOLESALE AND RETAIL BY ELKIN/MATHEWS IN VIGO STREET (NIGH THE ALBANY) ; ALSO/SOLD BY MOST BOOKSELLERS IN TOWN AND COUNTRY/.

Foolscap 8vo ; $7\frac{1}{8} \times 4\frac{3}{8}$; pp. 16 unnumbered ; text 4—14 and three coloured drawings by author showing scenes set with characters on the stage ; frontispiece illustrating scene I, verso note by author pp. 1, 2 ; half title, verso first page of text pp. 3, 4 ; end piece coloured drawing signed by author, verso publisher's advertisement of other works of author pp. 15, 16.

In blue wrappers ; title on front wrapper only, verso characters, scenes ; inside back wrapper advertisement for play ; back wrapper advertisement for broadsheet no. 2 with reproduction of drawing by author signed and dated '92.

No date [1903].

Copy in National Library presented by Miss Yeats.

NOTE :—1 and 4 were issued together in a printed envelope lettered :

Jack B. Yeats's Plays/in the old manner./viz :/James Flaunty/Or, The Terror of the Western Seas,/and/(Coloured drawing by J. B. Y.)/The Scourge of the/Gulph./Both Written and illustrated by Jack B. Yeats/together with/ A miniature presentation plate portrait/of Robert Louis Stevenson,/By William Strang./London/Published and Sold Wholesale and Retail by Elkin/Mathews in Vigo Street (nigh the Albany) :/also Sold by most Booksellers in Town and Country./Price 2s. net./

4. THE TREASURE OF THE GARDEN [1903].

THE TREASURE OF/THE GARDEN/. A PLAY BY JACK B. YEATS/line of printer's flowers/SCENES AND CHARACTERS/TOGETHER WITH BOOK OF THE/WORDS AND FULL DIRECTIONS FOR PLAYING ON A MINIATURE STAGE/ornament of printer's flowers in form of a triangle.

4to ; $11\frac{1}{2} \times 9\frac{7}{8}$; pp. 32 not numbered ; half title, verso blank, pp. 1, 2 ; title, verso with name of Elkin Mathews below figure drawn by author pp. 3, 4 ; direc-

tions pp. 5, 6 ; illustration, verso blank pp. 7, 8 ; text pp. 9—15 and 7 pages of drawings with verso blank for cut out ; advertisements of works by author pp. 31, 32 ; issued in blue wrapper with drawing by author. On verso of front wrapper prices of play, stages and of play set up for acting at three guineas.

Publisher's device on back wrapper, verso advertisements. No date [1903].

Note : It is stated on front wrapper :—' coloured by the author ' but my copy is uncoloured i.e. penny plain.

5. THE BOSUN AND THE BOB-TAILED COMET. (1904).

THE BOSUN/AND THE/BOB-TAILED/COMET/BY/JACK B. YEATS/. PUBLISHED BY/ELKIN MATHEWS, VIGO STREET,/NIGH THE ALBANY, LONDON/.

12mo : $7 \times 4\frac{1}{2}$; 28 pp. not numbered ; comprising title, verso blank pp. 3, 4 ; 18 pictures with letter press pp. 5—22 ; advertisements for other works by author with 2 drawings by author and dated press notices on pp. 23, 24, 25, 26.

Issued in blue wrapper printed ONE OF JACK B. YEATS'S BOOKS/FOR CHILDREN/ drawing/title/prices/publisher's imprint/ ; drawing by author with Elkin Mathews written on it as in no. 2 on back wrapper ; cream end leaves pasted inside front and inside back wrappers.

No date [1904].

This is the penny plain, price 1/-.

Issued also, coloured by the author with an original sketch in colours, price 5/- net. This is the 2d. coloured.

6. A BROADSIDE (1908-1915).

A BROADSIDE/FOR JUNE, 1908/PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE DUN EMER PRESS, DUNDRUM/COUNTY DUBLIN. SUBSCRIPTION TWELVE SHILLINGS A YEAR/ POST FREE.

Edited and illustrated by Jack B. Yeats.

Quarto $11 \times 7\frac{1}{2}$; 4 pages ; no pagination ; printed on three pages fourth blank ; 3 drawings hand coloured, some uncoloured. 84 numbers. Each year numbered 1—12 in top left-hand corner.

Nos. 2 and 3, " Published monthly by the Cuala Press, Churchtown, Dublin, formerly Dun Emer Press ; from no. 4 to end " Published monthly by E. C. Yeats, at the Cuala Press, Churchtown, Dundrum, County Dublin."

Issued in blue linen portfolio with coloured drawing inserted on front.

7. A LITTLE FLEET. (1909).

A LITTLE/FLEET/BY/JACK B. YEATS/PUBLISHED BY/ELKIN MATHEWS/VIGO STREET/NIGH THE ALBANY, LONDON/.

8vo ; $6\frac{3}{4} \times 4\frac{3}{8}$; pp. 27 not numbered ; comprising coloured drawing by author, verso blank pp. 1, 2 ; title, verso coloured drawing signed by author pp. 3, 4 ; text with coloured drawings pp. 5—17 ; publisher's advertisements for author's books with three reproductions from drawings signed by author pp. 18—22 ; pp. 23, 24 blank.

Issued in blue wrappers; ONE OF JACK B. YEATS'S BOOKS/FOR CHILDREN/ printed at top front wrapper with coloured drawing; title; no date.

Copy in National Library presented by Miss Yeats.

8. LIFE IN THE WEST OF IRELAND (1912).

LIFE IN THE WEST/OF IRELAND DRAWN AND PAINTED/BY JACK B. YEATS/ MAUNSEL AND COMPANY LTD.,/DUBLIN AND LONDON/1912.

8vo; $9\frac{1}{2} \times 6\frac{3}{4}$; pp. 12+112; prelims and last page not numbered; half title, verso blank pp. 3, 4; frontispiece coloured plate tipped in; recto blank pp. 5, 6; title, verso ALL RIGHTS RESERVED/printer's imprint pp. 7, 8; table of contents pp. 9, 10.

Pp. 1—111 consist of 7 colour prints (tipped in) 32 line drawings and 16 reproductions from paintings (tipped in); letterpress under line drawings on pp. 3, 5, 13, 25, 35, 61, 65, 69, 77. The tipped in coloured plates on pp. 11, 19, 31, 37, 51, 63, 71; reproductions from paintings; 16 black and white plates tipped in.

Issued in blue cloth; title LIFE IN THE WEST/OF IRELAND/design by author/ DRAWN AND PAINTED/BY JACK B. YEATS embossed in gilt on front; title; author and printer's name embossed in gilt on spine; blue paper wrapper with drawing by author; white end papers; all edges trimmed.

Note:—A de Luxe edition of 150 signed and numbered copies was issued, I have failed to see a copy.

9. MODERN ASPECTS OF IRISH ART (1922).

CUMANN LÉIGHEACHT AN PHOBAIL/celtic ornament/MODERN ASPECTS/OF IRISH ART/BY J. B. YEATS/short rule/PRICE 2d./short rule/1922.

Text titled MODERN ART BY JACK B. YEATS.

8vo; $7\frac{1}{4} \times 4\frac{3}{4}$; pp. 12 comprising text pp. [1]—11; [12] blank. Issued in green wrappers for Dáil Éireann, wrapper same as title page; series F. No. 8/ printed at top of front wrapper.

10. SLIGO (1930).

SLIGO/BY/JACK B. YEATS/LONDON/WISHART & COMPANY/1930.

8vo; $7\frac{3}{4} \times 5$; pp. 160; 6+151+2; comprising half title, verso blank pp. [1, 2]; title, verso printer's imprint, date pp. [3, 4]; dedication with verso blank pp. [5, 6]; text pp. 7-158.

Issued in grey green cloth; letters blocked in gilt on spine; grey paper wrapper with green lettering. 6s. net inside front wrapper; First edition.

Second impression 1931.

Cheaper reissue 1932 as above in green cloth, black lettering on spine, pale blue and cyclamen paper wrapper.

II. APPARITIONS (1933).

APPARITIONS/THREE PLAYS BY/JACK B. YEATS/short rule;/APPARITIONS/
THE OLD SEA ROAD/RATTLE/Printer's device/ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS/
BY THE AUTHOR/JONATHAN CAPE/THIRTY BEDFORD SQUARE/LONDON/.

8vo; $7\frac{7}{8} \times 5$; pp. 157; comprising half title, verso books by same author
pp. [3, 4]; title with date, printer's imprint, and *copyright by Jack Buller Yeats*
1933 (gum strip) pp. [5, 6]; contents verso blank pp. 7, [8]; text pp. [9]–157.

These are included in the pagination of each of the three plays; pages 1,
2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 8, 9, 10, 12, 13, 17, 44, 45, 46, 48, 50, 80, 81, 82, 85, 86, 105, 106,
135, 136, 158, 159, 160 are not numbered.

Contains 16 line drawings on pp. [13], 40, 43, 49, 51, 71, 85, 88, [105], 129,
134, [135], 137, 139, 140, 144.

Issued in saxe blue buchram title vertically blocked on spine in light blue.

Beige wrapper with drawing by author.

Cream end papers, top edges trimmed.

12. SAILING, SAILING SWIFTLY (1933).

JACK B. YEATS/SAILING, SAILING SWIFTLY/drawing by author/PUTNAM/
(rule)/24, BEDFORD ST. LONDON W.C.2.

8vo; $7\frac{5}{8} \times 5$; pp. 8+[170]+2; comprising half title, verso blank pp. [iii iv];
title verso date April, 1933; printer's imprint pp. [v—vi]; dedication, verso
blank pp. [vii, viii]; text 1—[170].

32 drawings by author inserted in the text; issued in yellow cloth; title
blocked in gilt on the spine; cream wrapper with drawing by author. Publisher's
notes inside front. 6s. net; cream end papers; all edges trimmed.

13. THE AMARANTHERS (1936).

THE AMARANTHERS/BY/JACK B. YEATS/ornament/printer's device/WILLIAM
HEINEMANN LTD./LONDON TORONTO/.

8vo; $7\frac{3}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{4}$; vi+273; comprising blank pp. [i, ii] half title; verso blank
pp. [iii, iv]; title, verso date printer's imprint pp. [v, vi]; text 1—273.

Issued in prussian blue cloth; title blocked in gilt on spine; cream wrappers
with publisher's notes inside front and back; blue end papers; all edges trimmed.

14. THE CHARMED LIFE (1938).

JACK B. YEATS/THE/CHARMED LIFE/star/GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS, LTD./
BROADWAY HOUSE: 68–74 CARTER LANE E.C./LONDON.

8vo; $7\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{3}{4}$; pp. [4]+296; comprising half title verso books by same
author pp. [iii—iv]; title, verso date; printer's imprint [v—vi]; verso blank
[viii—ix]; text pp. 1—295; [296] blank.

Issued in green cloth cover; title blocked in gilt on spine; cream end papers;
printed wrapper. All edges trimmed.

15. AH WELL (1942).

JACK B. YEATS/AH WELL/A ROMANCE/IN PERPETUITY/ROUTLEDGE LONDON/.

8vo; $6\frac{7}{8} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$; pp. [1]—[92]; consisting of half title, verso frontispiece pp.

[1—2]; title, verso printer's imprint, date 1942; acknowledgments. This book is produced in complete conformity with the authorized economy standards pp. [3, 4]; text pp. 5—[90]; list of works by same author, verso printer's imprint and device, pp. [91—92].

Issued in pale green boards with black cloth, title blocked on spine in gilt; pale green wrapper printed in cyclamen; pale green end papers; all edges trimmed.

16. LA LA NOO (1943).

LA LA NOO/BY/JACK B. YEATS/woodcut/THE CUALA PRESS/DUBLIN, IRELAND/MCMXLIII.

8vo; $8\frac{5}{8} \times 6$; pp. [xvi]+52+xii; comprising blanks [i], [ii], [iii], [iv], title, verso blank pp. [v, vi]; note of first performance May, 1942, verso stage directions pp. [vii, viii]; characters, verso blank [ix, x]; text [1]—52.

P. [53] printed by Esther Ryan and Maire Gill. Finished in the first week of January nineteen hundred and forty three, 250 copies of which 240 are for sale. This copy is number 21. Quarter bound in grey canvas cloth and paper boards (yellow); printed strip vertically on spine; title printed in black on front; plain cellophane wrappers; top edges untrimmed; sides open; pp. [57]—[64] list of books published by Cuala Press to mark 40th anniversary of press.

17. AND TO YOU ALSO (1944).

JACK B. YEATS/AND TO YOU/ALSO/ROUTLEDGE LONDON/.

8vo; $6\frac{7}{8} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$ pp. [4]+[148] prelims and p. 148 unnumbered; comprising half title, verso frontispiece by author pp. [1], [2]; title, verso publisher's imprint, date 1944; This book is produced in complete conformity with authorised economy standards pp. [3, 4]; text, pp. 5—125; 23 drawings by author pp. 125—147; list of books by same author, printer's imprint p. [148].

In cloth and boards, title blocked in gilt on spine; duck-egg blue end papers; duck-egg blue wrappers printed in cyclamen; all edges trimmed.

E. MacC.

BOOK REVIEWS

THE DIVINE REALM. By Evgueny Lampert. Faber and Faber. 8s. 6d. Pp. 140.

Dr. Lampert is a young Russian theologian of the Bulgakoff school of thought. Educated at Strasbourg and Oxford, he has had many contacts with Christianity both Eastern and Western. Writing in English, independent of translators, he has done a valuable piece of work for the Church as a whole in presenting through this essay a statement of Orthodoxy in the light of other theological and philosophical positions. So many books which have come from the pens of Orthodox theologians have suffered from an obscurity which has often left the reader no better informed about the *differentiae* of Orthodox doctrine; Dr. Lampert, however, clears the ground by careful explanation of terms, and

acute criticisms of Thomism, Barthianism, and other theological traditions in so far as they bear upon his subject.

He divides the essay into three sections: (1) *God and the World*; (2) *The Divine Realm*; and (3) *The Sacrament*. In the first section, he parts company with the Thomists when they hold that the world is not necessary for God. Dissatisfied with the description of God as First Cause, and writing off the term "Unmoved Mover" as a sophism, he expounds at length the concept of God as Creator; for him the world is the *realm* "where God's creative and providential will is realized, where God speaks to man and man responds to God." He thinks that ontology has been isolated from soteriology, and, with his love of antinomy, he implies that every theology of revelation must begin not with God or man, but with the God-man. It is interesting to observe Karl Barth's teaching on revelation, seen as divine-human encounter, contributing to Dr. Lampert's thesis, although the latter cannot accept Barth's negation of philosophy in favour of theology, nor his contention that the image of God in man is wholly lost. Thomists will be ready and right to protest when Dr. Lampert seems to imply that they are more Aristotelian than Biblical; they might also add that in his zeal for immanentism, he pays too scanty attention to God as Three-in-one, active, loving, creative, from all eternity, in all perfection.

In the second section, the author is at his best, interpreting the Russian spirit, convinced of the utter concreteness of life. Orthodoxy has not always been credited with this emphasis on history; Dr. Lampert points to the difference between "otherness" and "otherworldliness," and is at pains to defend his own tradition against the charge of escapism. He writes as one who has come out of great tribulation, on behalf of a church which bears on its body the marks of suffering. After reading Dostoievsky, "one of the most important Christian writers in world-literature," Nietzsche, and Kierkegaard, he is plainly dissatisfied with the logic and precision of the Traditional Theism of the West. There is only one word for God, and that is mystery. Much of what he writes on the Resurrection of the Body recalls the Anglican teaching of Dr. O. C. Quick, while his views on Sex and Marriage are in line with those of H. Doms, the Benedictine author of *The Meaning of Marriage*. In dealing with Economics, he complains that Marx does not go far enough in his interpretation of history. "Economic Man" has an eschatology, a meta-history; time is not merely *Chronos*, but *Kairos*, and perhaps even *Apocalypse*.

In his last section, *Sacrament*, Dr. Lampert prefers the term Metabolism to Transubstantiation. The Patristic word, *Metabole*, "translation," he contends, is a better description of what happens at the Eucharist. He is clearly at one with the Anglicans in refraining from being too explicit about the consecration. With characteristic confidence in the *Epiclesis*, he sees from the West in the Maria Laach school and the English Prayer Book of 1928 a revival of interest in the function of the Holy Spirit in the Eucharistic action.

We hope that we have written enough to show that Dr. Lampert treats many topics of burning theological interest in such a distinctive, prophetic, and often provocative manner, that we are left with the conviction that Orthodoxy is a living theology, equipped to face the issues of the moment. We suspect that Dr. Lampert is far in advance of the Orthodox theology at present taught and expressed in Russia.

G. O. S.

ELIZABETH HAM BY HERSELF. 1783-1820. Edited by Eric Gillett. Faber. 10s. 6d.

There is a queer atmosphere of loneliness and isolation about much of Anglo-Irish life during the nineteenth century. It haunted the garrison society of small country towns in the south and west; it lurked in the country houses of lesser landlords; it brooded over the dark passages of remote rectories. That odd aloofness seems to mark the literature of the class too. It is felt in that neglected masterpiece, *The Real Charlotte*; it is implicit in the introspections and retrospections of Dorothea Herbert. A curate of Kilfinane expressed that morbid loneliness in a letter to his mother in 1835 when he wrote: "I quite dislike ringing the bell to have the tea things taken away, knowing that it is the last time I shall see a living creature till breakfast time next morning." And the loneliness peers through the Irish part of the autobiography of Elizabeth Ham, whose journals from 1783 to 1820 have just been published by Eric Gillett.

Thus vividly and unconsciously Elizabeth Ham conveys an atmosphere. She has genuine literary power, and her hundred thousand words of diary are extraordinarily interesting, in their meanderings through England, Ireland and the Channel Islands. She paints a microscopic picture of her genteel and not too wealthy circle, and if she tends rather too much to self pity, discreet editing has removed her more tedious introspections. She has a keen observation and a sharp and sometimes malicious turn of compact phrase. What could be better or more true than her economical snapshot of Lady Morgan?

"Soon after I came to Dublin, *Miss Owenson* (*Lady Morgan*) then in the very height of her fame, came and took up her abode in the boarding house where the two Miss Burrowes were. They very kindly contrived to engage her for a snug little tea party, that I might have an opportunity of becoming acquainted with her. Her figure was small and slightly awry, to conceal this defect she wore the 'Glorvina' mantle. She had a decided cast in one of her eyes. Her hair was cropped and worn in short curls all over her head, through these she had thrust a Glorvina Bodkin, quite useless in such a head; the hair too was rather dishevelled, and when the foot was stretched out at the half it was covered with a dirty silk stocking with a long 'Jacob's ladder' at the heel. She was excessively fond of dancing, and as her limbs were long for her size, Tom Moore used to compare her to the flyers of a jack when so occupied. She made herself very pleasant, repeating newspaper paragraphs in which she had been spoken of as 'the wild Irish girl'."

This is a journal which has been well worth publishing. For the student of Anglo-Irish life of a confined class a century and a half ago, Elizabeth Ham will stand beside Dorothea Herbert as a social recorder. But he will find Elizabeth far fuller and far more factual.

R. W. JACKSON.

NEW SHORT STORIES. Edited by John Singer. William McClellan & Co., Ltd. Price 2s. 6d.

This is one of the best books of short stories which I have read. The writers are all in close touch with reality, and the majority of the stories are realistic; some which are more romantic or extravagant in plot are none the less very realistic in their materials. A proportion of them have war themes, and in a

number of these the subjects of shock and pain are treated with very great convincingness and imaginative insight, as in "Death of a Writer," by Howard Weiss, and "Hospital Bed," by John Singer. "A Walk in the Park," by Edward Lane, is pure realism, while there is grim psychology in "Residential Club," by Elizabeth Ormsby, and "The Froo Twins," by John Atkins. "World Without End," by Denys Val. Baker, is experimental in form for a short story. As a poem it could scarcely be regarded as experimental in form to the extent that it is as a story. It certainly builds up an impression, but I am not sure that the impression was ever sufficiently clear or intense to be worth building up.

The climaxes in the stories have been got out of the most natural circumstances and situations, their naturalness being apparently very strictly preserved by the story tellers. This elicitation of freshness and of surprise and piquancy out of the most natural and simple, even homely occurrences—though a bomb through a roof can scarcely be so regarded, even if it is described with quiet naturalness—seems to be a large part of the art of the modern short story writer, as in "Nicki Papalopoulos and the Children," by Jack Atrop, and "Residential Hotel," by Patricia Johnson, but most of the stories are successful examples of that art. In "The Chestnut Colt," by Frances Bellerby, there is something of a climax in the middle of the story which progresses to an adequate conclusion. "Boneshaker," by W. Glynne Jones, has a fresh plot and is one of the most freshly written of them; nearly all the stories are impressive in one way or another.

J. L. D.

SMALL NATIONS. By Archie Lamont, M.A., Ph.D., Lecturer in Geology in the University of Birmingham. Glasgow: William McClellan. 7s. 6d.

It would be pleasant to be able to give Dr. Lamont's little book a good press, for he has kind things to say about Éire at a time when it is the fashion abroad to abuse us. A very good book could be written on the Small Nations, but Dr. Lamont has not succeeded in writing it. In fact, he has compiled a dull volume on a fascinating subject, largely because he has been content merely to compile (quotations and statistics, relevant or irrelevant, make up the bulk of his book). He is not very discriminating about the sources of his statistics either, and quotes some from a party organ like the *Irish Press* without ever mentioning that it is the Fianna Fáil paper.

The reason for this carelessness—to give it no worse name—is that Dr. Lamont is a propagandist. As a Scottish Nationalist, he is only too happy to quote anything that can be construed to the credit of small nations. At one moment he will tell you that the small nations are the modern world's bulwark against materialism and over-mechanisation; the next, he will put forward, as proof of their superiority, the fact that Sweden drinks more milk, or Iceland sends more telegrams, or Denmark has more telephones, per 1,000 of the population, than the United Kingdom!

In other words, not only is this book a jumble of assorted facts, but Dr. Lamont does not possess the necessary reasoning power to make it anything more. Yet much of what he has to say is true. The Twenty-six Counties, and the Six Counties, of Ireland are happier and more prosperous under their different degrees of self-government than they would be were they still ruled entirely from London.

The cause of Scottish Separatism is a worthy one from many points of view, but its supporters are unlikely to achieve much. For 200 years—1745 to 1945—no considerable numbers of men have been prepared to shed their blood for it. Dr. Lamont, we note, is virtually a pacifist. Of course, there are economic factors to be considered, too. Dublin's prosperity lies in complete independence of England, but not Glasgow's nor Belfast's.

As a final example of Dr. Lamont's frivolity, we may cite the names of the only works on Ireland which figure in his Bibliography. They are J. S. Collis's *An Irishman's England*, James Connolly's *The Reconquest of Ireland*, and Liam O'Flaherty's novel *Skerrett*, the title of which Dr. Lamont incorrectly spells with one "t"!

VIVIAN H. S. MERCIER.

ALL HALLOWS EVE. By Charles Williams. Faber and Faber. 8s. 6d.

Father Simon, the wizard of this wizard story, aims at seizing world dominion through the magical arts of which he is one of the latest adepts. As he shows himself ordinarily to the world he is a hypocritical religious teacher, the leader of a new-fangled cult with mystical doctrines either pseudo or entirely inane. We are to believe that his magical arts, which include hypnotism and the control of others whom he is able to throw into trance, are of the highest ritualistic order of magic. He has already, when the story opens, split himself into a Triplicity, and two shadowy magically-fleshed magical imitations of him duplicate and triplicate his labours in Russia and China respectively. He looks forward to a reunion with these shapes of himself when he attains world dominion. By ritual magic he can cause death, and has planned to slay his own illegitimate daughter that she may be a kind of messenger or slave of his in the other world. But once his magic goes astray, circumstances force his hand, and the higher adept is compelled to adopt the lower arts of inferior magicians. The deterioration is progressive. He knew the danger, he sees the process, but once he has given way and resorted to the inferior arts, he cannot help himself. Structurally, this idea of the deterioration of the wizard is one of the best ideas in the book, and considerably more might have been made of it. The story, however, is a magical romance, or "a tale of the grotesque and arabesque," rather than a full-bodied novel. Indeed, Father Simon, and Lady Wallingford are only a kind of caricatures of human beings, and there is something of caricature about most of the characters in the book. On the other hand, there is an informative aspect of the book. The general information in it is of good quality and in considerable quantity, which is an important and pleasant feature of a novel. Mr. Williams is generous with information of a psychic and occult kind, though, needless to say, he plays about with it nearly as much as he does with the Tetragrammaton.

The scene of the story is in London and also in a kind of other London or London of the more recently dead, a curious world of shadowy substantiality, and empty facades and solitudes. But there is also a suggestion of still further inhabited spirit city. Mr. Williams employs the idea sparingly but effectively.

In the larger framework or perspective of the story, its broader ghostly background or scene-setting, and the broader structural features of the story, the ingenuity displayed is less frequently felicitous than in more detailed description. The descriptive detail is often of the standard of poetry. J. L. DONAGHY.

THE TYRANNY OF MATHEMATICS—An Essay in the Symbiosis of Science, Poetry and Religion. By Geoffrey Hoyland. Student Christian Movement Press. 1945. Paper. 1s. 6d. net.

The author of this extraordinary little essay, or "tract" as perhaps it might be called, develops the theme that the world of modern thought is dominated by what he describes as the calculus method and the calculus mind, to the detriment of religion, poetry and art. Unfortunately for his arguments, Mr. Hoyland displays a lamentable ignorance, not only of the basic ideas underlying this branch of mathematics, but also of its actual technique.

"The calculus" he says (p. 35) "is not interested in 'constants' and takes no notice of them." (Mathematicians please note!) Ergo, "if there be an 'eternal' element in the universe the calculus mind—and the calculus method—will never discover it . . . In other words, science can never discover God." For sheer irrelevance it would be hard to find the equal of this astonishing non sequitur—even assuming that the original premise were true.

One other instance will suffice to show the bias of the author's mind. Integration, according to him, is an operation performed "under the banner of the half-swastika." The source of this remarkable metaphor is in the fancied resemblance that he finds between the universally used sign of integration—the long "s"—and one arm of the crooked cross. And so, . . . "the world is held in thrall under the shadow of the half-swastika."

There is much more in the same nonsensical vein—and worse. The author states in the foreword that his essay is based on a course of three "lectures" which he delivered last August at a Summer School. Their subject matter would seem to be more appropriate to a revivalist meeting.

B. L. J.

"THE BASIS AND ESSENTIALS OF PORTUGUESE, AND READER; BEING A FIRST APPROXIMATION TO 'BASIC PORTUGUESE.'" The Basis and Essentials Series, by Charles Duff. Thomas Nelson and Sons, Ltd. London: 1944. 7s. 6d. net.

This expertly arranged grammar differs from its fellows in that it has a reader, made up of extracts (in English and Portuguese) from Luke's Gospel *Gulliver's Travels*, Ferreira de Castro's Brazilian novel on the River Amazon and Portugal's chief literary glory, Camões' *Lusiad*. The general editor of the series here employs his keen grammatical intelligence to excellent purpose: his introduction indicates the main purpose—to point the quickest and surest way of mastering this "most delicate and complicated of the Romance languages"—while, at the same time, stressing the necessity for learning the nuances of Portuguese pronunciation from a native-speaker, from gramophone records or the radio. It also emphasizes the point that a knowledge of the language not only opens the door to modern Europe's only true epic, *The Lusiad*, but to a great treasure-house of lyrical poetry, which "has no equal among the languages of western civilization," and that fascinating collection of historical prose, the accounts of the Portuguese discoveries and navigations of the sea-routes of the world. The fact that Portuguese is also the language of that huge and largely virgin territory of forty millions, Brazil, is also given due cognizance in this little book. The critic instinctively looks for

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its negotiation of the reefs of Portuguese grammar—for example, the personal infinitive, the pluperfect indicative, the future subjunctive and the intricacies of the pronouns in verbal and prepositional combinations—and finds that they are clearly and adequately dealt with. A selected “basic” vocabulary is included. This series has proved itself and Mr. Duff’s new addition is as admirable as it is useful.

FRANK PIERCE.

WORTHIES OF THOMOND. SECOND SERIES. By Robert Herbert. [The Limerick Leader. 2/6].

In this little book Mr. Herbert continues his task of making the way easier for the future compilers of an Irish Dictionary of National Biography. Here are short biographical notices of forty-nine sons and daughters of the Thomond country, all excellently done. Some are already well-known, such as William Smith O’Brien, John Fitzgibbon of the Union period, the ill-fated Thomas Dermody, the O’Gorman Mahon, and the three Gaelic poets Brian Merriman, David O Bruadair and Donnchadh Ruadh MacNamara. Others are less familiar, or at any rate it has been forgotten that they were of Thomond extraction. Such are the notorious Colonel Blood, who stole the Crown Jewels; John P. Holland, who invented the submarine; Daniel Honan, who became an admiral in the Spanish Navy; Peter O’Connell, the lexicographer; Charles Johnston, who wrote that entertaining 18th century novel, ‘Chrysal, or the Adventures of a Guinea’; Benjamin Kidd, the sociologist; and many more.

Mr. Herbert is completing the biographical map of Clare and Limerick most admirably. If other local librarians were to follow his example, the spade-work for the National Dictionary would be well under way.

M. J. MacM.

A BOWL OF BROTH. By Lynn Doyle. Duckworth, 8s. 6d.

Mr. Patrick Murphy has a good share of the pieces in Lynn Doyle’s latest book in which to demonstrate that “there’s not a dead joint in him” and that Ballygullion’s land is as rich in comedy as ever. These Ballygullion stories owe their success in part to Lynn Doyle’s intimate knowledge of Northern speech in all its tart richness: he never has to force it, and words which are peculiar to the people of his stories sit naturally in their place instead of standing out self-consciously aware of their strangeness and asking for undue notice. But it is not in this apt use of dialect, nor in the invention of broadly farcical plot that the tales of Ballygullion are most happy, for Lynn Doyle is that rarest of birds, a genuine humorist. He misses no foible or failing of his people, yet loves them none the less for that, and it is this sane acceptance of human nature as it is, this readiness to see character without illusion but without disgust which keeps him apart from the cynics and the sentimentalists alike. “The Courting of Kezia” is perhaps the best of the more obviously comic pieces, with “A Nice Little Bird” a good second. In some, as in “Strange Spirits” or “Sham Fight”, the scheme is too far removed from probability to allow the humour of speech and character to be enjoyed in full comfort although it is still there with all its kindly wisdom. But more than a third of the stories in “A Bowl of Broth” are far other than comic pieces and, seeing Lynn Doyle turn away from broad farce, one might almost regret that he met with so much success as a humorous writer. For success made it inevitable for him to continue in the expected vein when he

might have been giving us stories like "Pity" or that quite lovely little vignette "Love and a Giant." In these more serious pieces all the true humorist's virtue can work at ease and his wise kindness has subjects on which to spend itself. One story, "The Door," is out of key and in one, "Charity," the author moves nearer to the cynic's ground than is natural to him. Yet "Charity," with its grand central character, own sister to Richard Rowley's charwoman, is a penetrating study of character and society. "An Ould Saint" seems to me a little marred by a certain over-sentimentalising of the Saint's speech which does not seem to carry the same conviction as usual, but the story has a quiet smoothly-flowing current of graciousness. "The Burying of Mary Ann Corbally" is a finely-realised study of the pride and courage of the very poor and of their craving for all the little pomps of decent burial. Of all the pieces in "A Bowl of Broth" perhaps "Love and a Giant" is the most completely successful, being fined down until nothing at all unnecessary remains; and, though not quite so well written, the title story is almost as good an example of how Lynn Doyle can find and handle themes far different from those by which he made his name. May there be many more to come.

W. P. M.

T.C.D. AN ANTHOLOGY, 1895-1945. Extracts in Prose and Verse from 'T.C.D., A College Miscellany.' Edited by D. A. Webb. The Kerryman Ltd., Tralee. Price 6s.

TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN, Thirty-Four Drawings and Description. By A. N. Jeffares. Alex. Thom & Co., Ltd.

The achievement of running a College magazine without interruption for fifty years is in itself remarkable enough; what is even more remarkable is the high standard maintained by the contributors. True, the trivial, the sarcastic, the esoteric, the parochial in verse and in prose predominates. Undergraduates in all generations are prone to the prank and the quip. This anthology might seem to contain an excess of quippery, but wit is characteristic of the pages of *T.C.D.* and the selection does not in this regard belie the journal. Here you find Dr. Gogarty as well as Dr. Alton and Dr. Fearon as well as Professor White in youthful verse which they need not now disown. One must regret, however, that serious verse is neglected. The anthologist, not *T.C.D.*, is responsible for this. The present writer has always considered that the high standard of verse printed in *T.C.D.* made it different from its contemporaries in other Universities. Admitted, there can be found in this compilation a short poem by R. N. D. Wilson, one by Patrick McDonogh (whose name is wrongly spelt) and two by Lyle Donaghy. But neither in prose nor in verse can we find a contribution by the late Dr. Rudmose-Brown, who wrote constantly for *T.C.D.*, nor by poets like Michael Scot, Mona Gooden, Margaret Barrington, Leslie Daiken—all of whom have since established themselves in the world of letters as well as many more writers of serious verse who may not be so well known. Perhaps some day we shall have another anthology on the lines of *Oxford Poetry* in which undergraduate poetic precocity will take precedence over student jocoseness.

The illustrations for the above volume were made by A. N. Jeffares. In the series of drawings also under review Mr. Jeffares has undertaken a much larger

task. He is an honest craftsman with an eye for design. There are pleasant drawings of the familiar buildings and squares of the College but (and this makes his work particularly interesting) he looks for the hidden Trinity and reveals new unnoticed beauties, unknown corners and unexplored terrain like that of the College kitchen. These drawings are well bound and Mr. Mitchell's explanatory and descriptive notes add to their value.

A. J. L.

THEY GO, THE IRISH. A Miscellany of War-Time Writing. Compiled by Leslie Daiken. Micholson & Watson. Price 6s. net.

No one is more self-conscious than the Irish exile. In so regarding himself he induces the self-awareness. Though he be fighting for a cause with which his mother country is not officially identified, though he appears often to resent this attitude, he is just as prepared to defend it. In his individuality he finds the logic of his taking sides whilst his country observes neutrality. But the "wild goose" of to-day is often somewhat bewildered if the stay-at-home native does not always see his point of view. *They Go, The Irish* has a message. It deals with the emotional reactions of those who fight fires after the "blitzes" or who themselves fight in the air, on sea or on land, or who are part of the immense industrial civilian effort. There is a hint of apology in some of these reactions. Nevertheless the book is timely and likely to combat the proposition that Irish men and women did not in large measure help to destroy the evil inherent in Fascism. The contributors include such well known names as Sean O'Casey, Charles Duff and Jim Phelan. They also include Margaret Barrington, who with her story *Village Without Men* proves that the great power of her novel *My Cousin Justin* was no accident; H. L. Morrow, whose characteristic wit illuminates his *Journal Into Fear*; Bernard Abarbanel, a new name, competing with Joyce in controlled association and doing not so badly; Donal MacNeachtain who writes a mystico-satirical prose recalling the style of his verse as published in *Good-bye Twilight*, an earlier compilation by the editor of the book under review.—Leslie Daiken. Poetry is represented by Ewart Milne, George Brady and the editor. Mr. Daiken has a rich idiom of his own and a music which suggests Mayakowski. He is to be congratulated on this production; he has succeeded, despite war-time difficulties, in welding disparate elements into a satisfying unity. His book should be very popular.

A. J. L.

Books received:—*Three Portraits*, by Peter Quenell (Collins), 12s. 6d. *Robert Herder*, by A. Gillies (Blackwell), 12s. 6d. *Counties of Contention* by Benedict Kiely (Mercier Press, Cork), 7s. 6d. *A Girdle of Song*, ed. by Edith M. Fry (British Authors' Press), 5s. *This Other Planet*, by R. N. Currey (Routledge), 5s. *Virginia Woolf*, by David Daiches (Nicholson and Watson), 7s. 6d. *Hampdens Going Over* by Herbert Corby (Nicholson and Watson), 4s. 6d. *New Lyrical Ballads* (Anthology) (Nicholson and Watson), 4s. 6d. *Redbrick and These Vital Days* by Bruce Truscot (Faber), 8s. 6d. *Another Shore*, by Kenneth Reddin (Cresset Press), 8s. *Intimations and Avowals*, by Norah G. Meares (The Moray Press). *Instead of a Sonnet* by Paul Potts (Nicholson and Watson), 4s. 6d. *Farewell and Welcome*, by Ronald Bottrall (Nicholson and Watson), 6s. *Jubilo*, by Ewart Milne (Muller), 6s.

OBITUARY

ARTHUR SYMONS, 1865—1945

ARTHUR SYMONS, poet and critic, who has just died, will be remembered as one of the chief members of that generation of young writers of the Nineties who were in revolt against the rigid conventions of their elders, and who put up the claim of the artist, in any medium, to seek his material wherever his talents and his inclination led him, and to be judged not by his material but by what he made of it. Country born and reared, he loved the squares and pavements of the cities, and found there most of his poetic material. His poetical talent is not of the first rank, but it is a genuine talent, and though his insistence on the right of the poet to seek his material in strange and unlovely places led him in his early years to dwell overmuch on the material to be found in Piccadilly and Soho, yet his work is sufficiently above normal level to be remembered, and his search for beauty in poetry was not entirely fruitless. His verse is typical of the revolting Nineties.

But it is in criticism that his best and his most lasting work was done. He was only twenty-one when his first book, *An Introduction to Robert Browning* (1886, revised and enlarged 1906), was published and it remains the most attractive and sympathetic and most literary study of Browning that has been done. It was followed by *Studies in Two Literatures* (1897), *The Symbolist Movement in Literature* (1899), *Plays, Acting and Music* (1903), *Studies in Prose and Verse* (1904), *Studies in Seven Arts* (1906), and *The Romantic Movement in English Poetry* (1909). These books revealed a sensitive, illuminating, understanding, and coherent intelligence, clear and luminous in expression, and endeavouring to establish a critical synthesis of all the arts. His critical work had that quality of really good criticism, it made the reader want to read the authors referred to, and it threw additional light on authors whose work one felt fairly well acquainted with. His judgment was never facile or automatic, but reasoned and in nearly all cases very just. He wrote of Mr. Yeats in 1900:—

Mr. Yeats is the only one among the younger English poets who has the whole poetical temperament, and nothing but the poetical temperament. He lives on one plane, and you will find in the whole of his work, with its varying degrees of artistic achievement, no unworthy or trivial mood, no occasional concession to the fatigue of high thinking. It is this continuously poetical quality of mind that seems to me to distinguish Mr. Yeats from the many men of talent, and to place him among the few men of genius.

That is true, and it is finely said. It remains, forty years after, still true about Mr. Yeats. And he wrote this, equally true, about Stephen Phillips, in 1902, when that writer was being hailed as a genius:—

Poetry is an act of creation which the poet shares with God, and with none of His creatures. Poetical feeling is a sensibility which the poet may share with the greengrocer walking arm-in-arm with his wife, in Hyde Park, at twilight on Sunday. To express poetical feeling in verse is not to make poetry

He follows up with a long reasoned examination of Mr. Phillips' poetry, and concludes :—

A particular kind of article is in demand at the theatre : who will meet that demand ? Mr. Phillips came forward with plays which seem to have been made expressly for the purpose. Their defects help them hardly more than their merits. They have just enough poetical feeling, just enough action, just enough spectacle ; they give to the middle-class mind the illusion of an art " dealing greatly with great passions " ; they give to that mind the illusion of being forever in touch with an art dealing greatly with great passions. They rouse no disquieting reflections ; they challenge no accepted beliefs. They seem to make the art of the drama easy, and to reduce poetry at last to the general level.

In 1903 Symons stated his own critical ambition thus :—

I am gradually working my way towards the concrete expression of a theory, or system of aesthetics, of all the arts . . . In all my critical and theoretical writing I wish to be as little abstract as possible, and to study first principles, not so much as they exist in the brain of the theorist, but as the way be discovered, alive and in effective action in every achieved form of art. I do not understand the limitation by which so many writers on aesthetics choose to confine themselves to the study of artistic principles as they are seen in this or that separate form of art. Each art has its own laws, its own capacities, its own limits ; these it is the business of the critic jealously to distinguish. Yet, in the study of art as art, it should be his endeavour to master the universal science of beauty.

and this ambition he was in a fair way to realize. Out of the books I have named there does come the beginnings of a general critical synthesis of the arts, all of which he believed to be inspired by the same thing, the feeling for beauty, the search for beauty, the expression of beauty. It was the doctrine of Art for Art's sake in most reasoned and most persuasive and most attractive setting forth. But illness overtook him in his prime. In 1908 he had a mental breakdown and spent some years in a private asylum in England, of which he published in 1930 a poignant account. He recovered to write again, and from 1916 on there is a long list of books to his credit, but he added nothing essential to what he had already published, though everything he wrote had originality.

As a writer of literary criticism he was surpassed by no writer of his time, and the present day student could profit greatly by paying some attention to his critical principles and aims.

P. S. O'HEGARTY.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM—ADDENDUM

I have now traced a copy of the edition of the poems of Thomas Campbell to which Allingham contributed a "*Life*" of the poet. It was edited by W. Alfred Hill, M.A., for Messrs. Bell's *Aldine Edition of the British Poets*, published in green cloth in 1875, and the "*Life*" runs to 66 pages. It was reprinted in 1890.

P. S. O'H.